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COUNTRY LIFE

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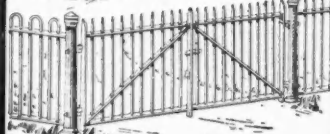
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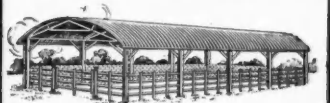
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AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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Co.'s water.
Electric light.

Squash Court.
Swimming pool.



Garage. Cottage. Well wooded Grounds of about 4½ ACRES.

Rough Shooting over about 2,000 Acres available.

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.
(C.49,358.) (REG. 8222.)

FAVOURITE PART OF SURREY.

WITHIN 25 MINUTES OF TOWN

Close to several Golf Courses, etc.

An attractive GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

tastefully appointed
and in admirable order.
Drive approach. Hall,
3 reception rooms, 7
bedrooms, bathroom
and offices.

Co.'s services.

Large Garage.

Nicely timbered and
matured grounds with
lawns, orchard, flower
beds and kitchen garden
with two greenhouses.



FOR SALE FREEHOLD £3,000

RENT UNFURNISHED £150 PER ANN.

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1.
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LEEDS

JACKSON STOPS & STAFF

CIRENCESTER
YEovil
DUBLIN

STOPS HOUSE, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.

[Phone: Grosvenor 1811.]



IN THE HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS

'Twist Cirencester and Cheltenham.

Occupying unexcelled, elevated and peaceful position.



Pasture and Corn
FARM of
202 ACRES

18th Century
FARMHOUSE

2 reception, 5 bedrooms
etc. (capable modern-
ising on very attractive
lines). Ample Farm
Buildings.

Water supply unlimited.

Good Sporting Facili-
ties including Fishing
own Water.

PRICE, INCLUDING MATURED TIMBER, £4,000

Modernised on reasonable lines, the Property should undoubtedly prove most desirable as a Residential Farm and Hunting Box in a much sought after and favoured locality.

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VALE OF WHITE HORSE COUNTRY

Near the Thames and Good Fishing.

PLEASANT MODERNISED COTSWOLD RESIDENCE

2 reception, 5 bed-
rooms, bathroom.

Co.'s Electric Light
and Water.

Accessible yet quiet.

LOOSE BOXES
AND GARAGE.

SMALL GARDEN

(2 acres more available)



CIRENCESTER 9 MILES. OXFORD 27 MILES.

PRICE £2,500

Apply JACKSON STOPS, Cirencester. (Tel.: 334-5.) Fo. 4145.

BY DIRECTION OF THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE.

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE

ATTRACTIVE GENTLEMAN'S FARM
AND RESIDENTIAL ESTATE

known as

GRIMTHORPE MANOR HOUSE,
near Pocklington

comprising

VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE
with magnificent views over Plain of York.

2 RECEPTION ROOMS,

OFFICES,

6 BEDROOMS,

BATHROOM,

BILLIARD ROOM,

GOOD DOMESTIC OFFICES,

EXTENSIVE HOMESTEAD,

GARAGES,

5 COTTAGES.



The whole has been well farmed by owner-
occupier and provides 206 ACRES ARABLE,
220 ACRES GRASS and 126 ACRES
WOODLAND.

IN ALL APPROXIMATELY 552
ACRES, 3 ROODS, 9 PERCHES

To be offered for SALE BY AUCTION on
MONDAY, 28th OCTOBER, 1940, at THE
STATION HOTEL, YORK, commencing
3 p.m.

Further Particulars and Conditions of Sale
of the Auctioneers: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF,
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MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

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PICCADILLY, W.1.

AYLESBURY AND BANBURY

FOUR MILES FROM BICESTER KENNELS. CONVENIENT FOR
MAIN LINE STATION TO LONDON.
Sheltered situation in rural country.



**AN UP-TO-DATE
COUNTRY HOUSE**
Main electricity and water.
Central heating.
Lounge hall, 3 reception,
dozen bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Hunter Stabling.
Farmery. 3 Cottages.
Very Pleasant Gardens.
Excellent Pasture.
Hard Tennis Court.
Squash Court. 24 ACRES
For Sale by Sole Agents,
OSBORN and MERCER.
(16,730.)

OXON AND BUCKS BORDERS

ON THE WESTERN SLOPES OF THE CHILTERN HILLS

Completely rural. Fine panoramic views.

DELIGHTFUL SMALL MODERN HOUSE

Lounge hall, 3 reception,
8 bedrooms, bathroom.

Modern conveniences.
Lodge. Stabling. Garage.

Matured Gardens; hard
tennis court. Paddock and
woodland.

20 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN
and MERCER. (14,191.)



SALOP-CHESHIRE BORDERS

*Capital Dairy Farm with Beautiful
Elizabethan Residence.*

Fine range of farmbuildings, cottages, etc.

ABOUT 240 ACRES

LONG STRETCH OF TROUT FISHING.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

FAVOURITE MIDLAND COUNTY

**ATTRACTIVE AGRICULTURAL
AND SPORTING ESTATE
ABOUT 1,500 ACRES**

*All let and showing first-rate return
CAPITAL SHOOTING. TROUT FISHING.*

FOR SALE by OSBORN & MERCER.

FARM OF 600 ACRES (mainly grass).

For Sale in **HEREFORDSHIRE**. Vacant possession.

Historical Old House

with 9 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, etc.

Ample buildings. Several cottages.

Extensive orchards. Trout ponds. Nominal outgoings.

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER.

GUILDFORD AND HORSHAM

**BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE
CAREFULLY RESTORED AND MODERNISED**

In rural country with delightful views.



3 reception, 9 bedrooms
(all with lavatory basins,
h. and c.), 2 bathrooms.

*A wealth of old oak, open
fireplaces, etc.*

Main services.
Central heating.

*Fine old Tithe Barn converted
into a cottage.*

Beautiful gardens, some
woodland, pasture, etc.:
about

20 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN
and MERCER. (17,006.)

Price drastically reduced to ensure early Sale.

FINE OLD GEORGIAN HOUSE IN RURAL SURREY.

Ideal situation with uninterrupted views to Leith Hill and the North Downs.

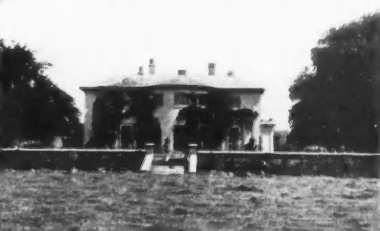
Hall, 4 reception, 7-9 bed-
rooms, 3 bathrooms.
*In first-class order and
up to date with main
services.*

2 COTTAGES.

Delightful pleasure grounds,
prolific walled kitchen
garden, orchard, parklike
meadowland, a stream and
2 large ponds providing
excellent coarse fishing;
in all about

22 ACRES

Inspected by OSBORN
and MERCER. (17,099.)



Also at
RUGBY,
BIRMINGHAM,

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1. (Regent 0911.)

OXFORD,
CHIPPING
NORTON.

OXFORDSHIRE

In delightful country. 300ft. above sea level.

FINE MODERN RESIDENCE in COTSWOLD
STYLE. 3 sitting rooms, 6-8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.
Electricity available. Gas connected.

BUNGALOW. GARAGE. STABLING and FARMERY.

GROUNDS AND PADDOCK of over
4 ACRES.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1.
(L.R. 19,679.)

COTSWOLDS

*550ft. above sea level, adjacent to village, and in a very
favourite district.*



Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main electricity.

Stabling and Garage. Small Gardens.

80 ACRES AND 2 COTTAGES.

PRICE FREEHOLD, £6,500

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1.

(L.R. 13,432.)

SOMERSET

65 ACRES. FARMERY. 2 COTTAGES.

A MOST comfortable COUNTRY RESIDENCE, in
one of the most lovely spots in this favourite county.
Everything in first-rate order. The residence is surrounded
by well-timbered Gardens encircled by parklike lands.
3 sitting-rooms, 8 bedrooms (lavatory basins), 2 bathrooms.
Electric light and central heating. Stabling and Garage.

PRICE FREEHOLD, £7,500

A REALLY ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION.

Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's
Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 11,359.)

MID-HAMPSHIRE

FOR SALE, OR TO LET FURNISHED.—
Charming old FARMHOUSE-RESIDENCE, modern
ised and well-equipped. High situation; rural surround-
ings. Excellent sporting district. 3 sitting rooms, 5
bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light and power. Garage.
Would be sold with 160 acres, together with Farm Buildings.

Also **SECONDARY RESIDENCE** (let at £110 p.a.).
Furniture might be sold.

Thoroughly recommended by JAMES STYLES and
WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 13,618.)

MESSRS. G. H. BAYLEY & SONS
(ESTABLISHED THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY),
ESTATE AGENTS AND SURVEYORS,
27, PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM.
AGENTS FOR PROPERTIES IN CHELTENHAM,
COTSWOLDS, AND NORTH COTSWOLDS.



400 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—ON HILL NEAR
CHELTENHAM (1½ miles). Above DETACHED
RESIDENCE standing in its own grounds. 3-4 reception
rooms, 7 bedrooms, bathroom. Garage. Fine views.
WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS OF 1½ ACRES
Main services. Price £2,150.—Details from BAYLEYS,
as above.

BRUTON, KNOWLES & CO.,

Estate Agents, Surveyors & Auctioneers,

HAVE

**RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL
PROPERTIES**

TO BE SOLD OR LET

IN

Gloucestershire and adjoining Counties.

ALBION CHAMBERS, GLOUCESTER

Telephone:
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TO LET ST. BRIAVELS CASTLE (GLOS.)

Safe area. In seclusion of Wye Valley.



SMALL MEDIAEVAL CASTLE, only 1½ Acres,—
inexpensive upkeep, comprising: Front hall, dining
room, drawing room, chapel (or court room), smoking room,
dungeon, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc., and usual
domestic quarters. Water, drainage, and electric light.

For further particulars apply:

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GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

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Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
12, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

WESTERN COUNTIES

NEAR MARKET TOWN.



ARCHITECT-BUILT RESIDENCE

3 reception. Study. 5 bed and dressing. 3 baths.
Main electric light and water, modern drainage,
central heating.

DOUBLE GARAGE. 2 ACRES OF GROUND

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount
Street, W.1. (c.7071.)

IN GLORIOUS WEST SUSSEX

Between Midhurst and Petersfield. In a lovely countryside
away from military objectives and commanding a
magnificent view.

TO BE SOLD.—An expensively built and
thoroughly well-appointed RESIDENCE, containing
7 bed, 3 bath and 3 reception rooms (large), etc.

Electricity, central heating, etc.

First-rate garage and lodge; long drive.

Inexpensive well-timbered gardens, a small wood, etc.
some 17 ACRES in all.

Capital bus service passes.

Price, etc., from Owner's Agents, GEORGE TROLLOPE
and SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (d.2575.)

£4,250. WITLEY DISTRICT

Good bus and rail services.

GENUINE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

Judiciously and completely modernised.

6 bedrooms (h. and c. basins), 3 reception and maids'
sitting room, etc.

Co.'s water. Central Heating. Electricity, etc.

GARAGE, STABLE, and 2 ACRES

of matured Grounds and small paddock.

Owner's Agents: GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount
Street, W.1. (d.1120.)

ABOUT 1 HOUR'S RAIL OF TOWN

and 38 miles by road.



£6,500.—A MODERN UP-TO-DATE RESI-
DENCE with 7 principal bedrooms, 2
bathrooms, etc.; main electric light and water; garage;
lovely wooded grounds; tennis court; kitchen gardens
and paddock.

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 7 ACRES

Inspected and highly recommended by GEORGE
TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1.
(d.1108.)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

NORTH SOMERSET. IN THE CENTRE OF EXMOOR

With marvellous panoramic views. On high ground, facing South.

PERFECT FOR EVACUATION OR PERMANENT SMALL COUNTRY HOME.



Occupying one of the
finest positions in the
county, 10 miles from
Dunster, 14 from
Minehead and 24 from
Taunton.

Attractive Labour-
saving HOUSE.
Entrance hall and
cloakroom, 2 recep-
tion, 5 bedrooms,
bathroom, Man's
quarters (outside)
with sitting room and
2 bedrooms, staff
bathroom. Electric
light; abundant
water supply.

Garage for 2 cars.
5 loose boxes.

Matured Gardens and 2 enclosures of meadowland. Hunting with the
Devon and Somerset Stagbonds. No aerodromes or military objectives near.

15 ACRES. FREEHOLD. £3,000

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

400 FEET UP.

ON THE WILTS & SOMERSET BORDERS

In an old-world village between Bath and Bradford-on-Avon.

A WEST COUNTRY GEM



This 400-years-old
stone-built House of
character has recently
been modernised
without despoiling its
period charm. There
are many oak beams,
attractive open fire-
places, and other
features.

3 sitting rooms, 5 bed
and dressing rooms,
2 bathrooms.

"Esse" stove and
water heater.

Main electric light and
water.

Large garage.

Stabling.

Range of kennels with
"Fenco" fencing.

The GARDENS, which are intersected by a stream, offer exceptional facilities for a
keen gardener, the soil being very productive and the whole property well sheltered.

2 ACRES. FREEHOLD. £3,250

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

AMAZING HAMPSHIRE BARGAIN

SMALL COUNTRY HOUSE

in the New Forest, under 2 miles from Picket Post and 1 mile from Ringwood.

2 reception, sun
lounge, 4 bedrooms,
bathroom.

Main water.

Company's electricity
available.

GARAGE.

Stable and Coach
House.

Well-stocked gardens
and large field.

4 ACRES.

ONLY £1,500 FREEHOLD FOR IMMEDIATE SALE
UNQUESTIONABLY ONE OF THE GREATEST BARGAINS AT PRESENT
AVAILABLE.

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

NORTHANTS & BEDS. BORDERS

FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 6 ACRES

Pleasantly situated between Bedford and Kettering; convenient for golf and fishing
and central for hunting with the Oakley.

An extremely well-
built and compact
MODERN HOUSE
with a bright and
cheerful interior; on
2 floors only. 3 recep-
tion, 6 bedrooms,
bathroom. Main elec-
tricity, central heat-
ing, septic tank
drainage.
GARAGE.
Tennis Court.
Charming matured
and well-stocked
Garden, with large
paddock and a n
orchard containing
about 200 trees.



Forming an attractive small country home which can be maintained with the
minimum of indoor and outdoor staff.

FREEHOLD ONLY £2,250

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

A GENUINE QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

ON THE HANTS AND BERKS BORDERS

Amidst Exquisite rural surroundings, overlooking extensive Common.

FASCINATING RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

Equipped with every possible convenience. 300ft. up on the fringe of a picturesque old-world village.

3 OR 4 RECEPTION, 8 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS.

Main electric light and power. Company's gas and water. Central heating throughout and fitted basins in bedrooms.

2 GARAGES.

STABLING.

EXQUISITE WELL-STOCKED GARDENS AND USEFUL PADDOCK.

5 ACRES.

IMMEDIATE SALE DESIRED

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1.
(Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.



5, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones :
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines.)
ESTABLISHED 1875.

SURREY

3 MILES FROM DORKING NORTH STATION. 5 MINUTES WALK FROM A CHARMING VILLAGE.



DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE

Brick, partly rough cast with cavity walls and tiled roof. Beautifully situated, 300ft. above sea level and approached along a drive about 200 yards from the road. Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, cloakroom, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central Heating. Gas and Cooker. Main water and drainage. Telephone.

Garage for 2 cars.

Matured and completed Grounds with elegant trees and shrubs, appropriately arranged in proportion to the surrounding countryside. Excellent grass tennis court. Thatched tea house; attractive lily pool; large kitchen garden. Loam and sand.



IN ALL ABOUT 5½ ACRES.

For Sale Freehold at a Reduced Price. (Early Possession.)

GOLF COURSES AT DORKING AND BETCHWORTH.
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (Tel.: Grosvenor 3131.)

SOMERSET (Yeovil 7 miles).—Attractive STONE-BUILT HOUSE with old mullion windows, standing in finely timbered grounds. 3-4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, model offices. Electric light; main water. Garage and stabling. Gardener's cottage. Charming Gardens and Grounds, interspersed with specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES. Hunting and Golf.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD AT A REDUCED PRICE.
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)

ASHDOWN FOREST (350ft. above sea level). Picturesque MODERN HOUSE in complete seclusion, amidst beautiful woodland and commanding long distance views to the South. Approached by a drive from private road ½ mile from high road. Lounge, dining room, 7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Co.'s electricity and water. Garage, studio, garden room, summerhouse. Grounds with abundance of flowering shrubs and specimen conifer trees; orchard, kitchen garden and natural woodland. Tennis court, swimming pool and putting green. TO BE LET UNFURNISHED.
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,823.)

SURREY (Leith Hill District).—Beautifully secluded position, 1 minute from bus route and 11 miles from Station. Unique MODERN HOUSE of character, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main services; central heating. Garage for 2 cars and Cottage. Flower garden, grass tennis court; fruit and vegetable gardens. 4 Acres or more.

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET UNFURNISHED.

Apply CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,433A.)

DEVONSHIRE

VIEWS OVER THE EXE VALLEY.
Set in a peaceful and secluded position, high up in beautifully wooded country, 7 miles from Exeter.

ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE

built of brick, roughcast, with overhanging gables and Delabole slate roof.

4 RECEPTION ROOMS.

13 BEDROOMS.

3 BATHROOMS.

USUAL OFFICES.

Central Heating.

2 COTTAGES.

GARAGE AND STABLING.



CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS

well wooded, with sloping lawns, lily pond, formal garden, wild garden, swimming pool.

IN ALL ABOUT 600 ACRES
of which 450 are woodland and the arable is let.

TO BE LET UNFURNISHED

Trout Fishing. Golf.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (15,431A.)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

A SAFE RETREAT IN W. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE

Enchanting situation close to Settle, and Giggleswick school. Facing South with delightful views, and sheltered by the Pennines.

ONLY £1,850 FREEHOLD, WITH PROMPT POSSESSION

A SUPER BUNGALOW

Stone built, erected 30 years ago. With an attractive matured garden of 1 ACRE. It is in perfect order.

The rooms are 10ft. high, unusually spacious, and comprise:

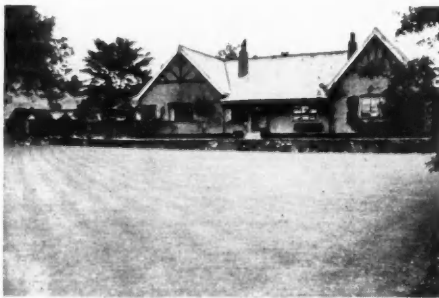
LOUNGE HALL, 2 RECEPTION, 5 BEDROOMS, BATHROOM.

Partial central heating. Telephone.

Electric light. Main water.

DOUBLE GARAGE.

Only needs seeing to be secured immediately.



Inspected and highly recommended by F. L. MERCER and Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

400 FT. UP.

70 MINUTES LONDON. GLORIOUS SCENERY. LONG DRIVE APPROACH. SOUTH EXPOSURE. DRY SOIL.

PERFECT SEQUESTERED SITUATION

Surrounded by privately owned Estates and close to several commons.

A COUNTRY HOUSE

of moderate size with spacious rooms and every modern convenience.

3 RECEPTION, 8 BEDROOMS, 2 BATHROOMS.

Part Central heating.

RANGE OF BUILDINGS.

2 GARAGES.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS

with south terrace, rose garden, tennis and other lawns, grass orchard and paddock; in all

8 ACRES

FREEHOLD. PRICE ONLY £4,000

Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.



<p>14, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1</p> <p>WILSON & CO.</p> <p>Telephone: Grosvenor 1441 (three lines.)</p>		
<p>IN RURAL BUCKINGHAMSHIRE <i>Easy reach of Aylesbury. Outskirts of beautiful Village.</i></p>  <p>XVTH CENTURY HOUSE.—Tudor panelled brickwork, oak beams, open fireplaces. 7 bedrooms, 4 baths, 4 reception. Magnificent Old Barn. Garage. Lovely Old Gardens. Swimming pool, hard court.</p> <p>FOR SALE WITH 8 ACRES</p> <p>Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.</p>	<p>BEAUTIFUL QUEEN ANNE HOUSE <i>With many period features.</i></p>  <p>Set within Old-World Gardens and Miniature Park of 10 ACRES, within easy reach of London in rural Sussex. 13 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge and 4 reception. Garage. Stabling. Cottages.</p> <p>FOR SALE OR TO LET FURNISHED</p> <p>Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.</p>	<p>BERKSHIRE <i>An hour West of London.</i></p>  <p>A GENUINE TUDOR HOUSE rich in old oak with fine staircase and fireplaces. All main services. Central heating. 6-7 beds, 2 baths, 3 reception rooms. Garage and Chauffeur's rooms. Delightful Grounds, 3 Acres.</p> <p>A BARGAIN AT £3,500</p> <p>Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.</p>

<p>Telephone: Grosvenor 2252 (6 lines)</p>	<p>CONSTABLE & MAUDE 2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1</p>
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<p>CAPITAL FARM INVESTMENT IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE FARM OF 200 ACRES <i>In a ring fence</i> STONE-BUILT FARMHOUSE with 5-8 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 sitting rooms. Modern Farm Buildings. LET ON AN ANNUAL TENANCY. TO BE SOLD</p> <p>Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.</p>	<p>ON THE BORDERS OF NORTHANTS AND WARWICKSHIRE FOR SALE AS AN INVESTMENT AN EXCELLENT FARM within easy reach of important centre, and Farm-house with 8 rooms, etc. GOOD OUTBUILDINGS. 2 CAPITAL COTTAGES. LAND COMPRISES 180 ACRES (MAINLY PASTURE). Apply CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.</p>	<p>SUSSEX FARM BARGAIN Excellent dairy holding of 162 ACRES the subject of considerable expenditure. Picturesque old farm house with 3 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, kitchen, larder, etc. Garage. Capital Cottage. Excellent farmbuildings. Valuable road frontages. PRICE £4,250</p> <p>Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.</p>
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<p>'Phone: Grosvenor 2861. 'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."</p> <p>TRESIDDER & CO. 77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.</p>		
<p>£3,500 FREEHOLD. BERKS In small town between Newbury and Oxford. XVIIIth CENTURY HOUSE 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 7-9 bedrooms. ALSO 4 rooms, quite separate, let at £60 p.a. on lease. <i>All main services. Constant hot water.</i> STABLING for 2. GARAGE. Secluded walled garden. TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,427.)</p> <p>£2,500. 5 ACRES. GREAT SACRIFICE. <i>Exceptionally safe area, away from Military objectives.</i> SOMERSET (450ft. up on Quantocks). CHARMING OLD RESIDENCE 6 bed (2 fitted basins), bathroom, 4 reception. <i>Co.'s water, telephone, electric light; garage, stabling.</i> NICE LY TIMBERED GROUNDS; tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard and paddocks. TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (16,152.)</p>	<p>Inspected and very highly recommended. FOR IMMEDIATE OCCUPATION. £24,000, or would Sell Completely Furnished. GLOS-OXON Borders, 30 miles from Oxford, convenient for village; high, healthy position; lovely outlook.—A modern COTSWOLD MANOR HOUSE of stone, with Cotswold stone roof. <i>Main water and electricity, central heating, fitted basins (h. and c.) in all bedrooms; phone.</i> 3 reception. Cloakroom. 2 bathrooms. 6 bedrooms. Double garage. Fully stocked garden. TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,310.)</p> <p>WEST SUSSEX BARGAIN (on brow of hill; magnificent views). COTTAGE WITH ANNEXE containing in all 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 8 bedrooms. <i>Main water and electricity. Garage.</i> ATTRACTIVE GARDENS: tennis lawn, orchard and meadow. £2,000. Would Let. 9 ACRES TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,800.)</p> <p>In the lovely country between PENSHURST & EAST GRINSTEAD <i>Overlooking the Ashdown Forest.</i> A DELIGHTFUL ELIZABETHAN COTTAGE <i>Full of old oak, but modernized; electric light, telephone, gas.</i> Lounge with deep ingle, 2 other receptions. Cloakroom, bathroom, 4 bedrooms. Cellar. Double garage. Pretty gardens; fruit and vegetables and pasture; about 9 ACRES. Furnished, Rent 5' gns. per week. TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.</p>	<p>Inspected and highly recommended. £2,000 FREEHOLD BARGAIN WELSH BORDERS <i>Trout and Salmon Fishing available. Hunting. Golf. Secluded position near small Town and Station.</i> MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE in excellent order. 3 reception, 2 bathrooms, 7-8 bedrooms. <i>Main services. Telephone. Radiators. "Aga" cooker.</i> Garage. Charming productive Garden of about an Acre. TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,917.)</p> <p>Inspected and very strongly recommended. GUILDFORD & DORKING (Safe area between); 500ft. up. A MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE <i>Well equipped and easy to run; main water, electricity, central heating.</i> 12-14 bedrooms. 4 bathrooms. 5 good-sized reception. Garage. Stabling. Lodge. Flat. Hard and grass tennis courts; swimming pool; very charming gardens, kitchen garden, glasshouses, orchard and pastureland; 27 ACRES. VERY REASONABLE PRICE for QUICK SALE TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,099.)</p>

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DOMESTIC OFFICES.

All Main Services. Central heating.

Attractive inexpensive Gardens with
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Hall, fine drawing room, dining room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, GARAGES.

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SURROUNDED BY FOREST LANDS.

THE RESIDENCE
 is built in the modern style
 and is in excellent order and repair.

5 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS
 (2 fitted with lavatory basins).

3 MAIDS' ROOMS.

PLAY ROOM.

2 EXPENSIVELY FITTED
 BATHROOMS.

3 RECEPTION ROOMS.

MAIDS' SITTING ROOM.

KITCHEN and OFFICES.



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Garage for 2 cars.
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 Cow shed and pigsties.

Beautifully secluded grounds

including 2 tennis lawns, water garden,
 rockery, herbaceous borders, orchard, 2
 fields.

The whole extending to an area
 of about

5 ACRES

COST £40,000 ONLY A FEW YEARS AGO. WILL NOW BE OFFERED AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.
 NEVER BEFORE IN THE MARKET.

BY DIRECTION OF F. DERRY, ESQ.

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HALF AN HOUR FROM LONDON.

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"ASHWOOD"

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Excellent oak-panelled
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Central heating.

Main electricity, water, gas,
 and drainage.

GARAGE for 3 cars.



STABLING.

3 COTTAGES.

SUPERB
 GARDENS AND
 GROUNDS

including wonderful rock
 garden, tennis court, rose
 garden, lawns and paddock.

The whole embracing an
 area of about

6½ ACRES

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 4 excellent bedrooms (2 with basins, h. and c.),
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 and beamed dining room, spacious panelled lounge,
 large old barn now used as a study, library,
 servants' hall, kitchen and offices.
 HEATED GARAGE for 2 cars, store rooms, etc.

BUNGALOW

containing 3 bedrooms, bathroom, sitting room.
BEAUTIFULLY LAID-OUT GARDENS

AND GROUNDS
 comprising Dutch and Italian gardens, rock garden,
 walled garden with swimming pool, wide spreading
 lawns and vegetable garden, orchard and meadowland,
 the whole extending to an area of about

11 ACRES



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4 miles from the Market Town; 8 miles from Petersfield and 11 miles from Winchester.

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With magnificent timbering and large and lofty rooms. Entrance hall, double lounge and 2 other reception rooms, 5 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, complete offices.

Air-raid Shelter.

Co.'s electric light, good water and drainage.

Inexpensive Grounds with lawns, kitchen garden, paddock, in all about

7 ACRES.

ONLY £3,500.

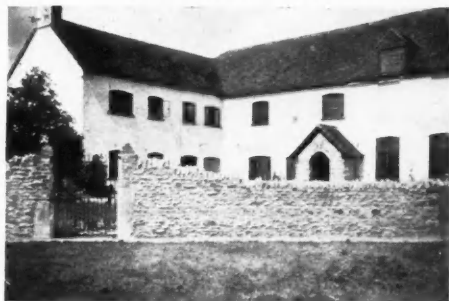
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RURAL BERKS c.3

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PICTURESQUE COUNTRY RESIDENCE



3 large reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Cottage.

Co.'s electric light. Mill stream.

Beautiful Gardens, well stocked kitchen garden, meadowland. In all about

4 ACRES

FOR SALE

WITH OR

WITHOUT

COTTAGE,

Recommended by

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2 MILES OLD-WORLD TOWN OF HORSHAM c.3

Amidst delightful rural surroundings, convenient to Village.
HOME OF REAL CHARACTER



Dating back about 400 years.

3 reception, 5 bedrooms (all with h. and c.), 3 baths.

Electric light. Central Heating.

Garage for 2 cars.

Large Barn used as playroom.

Delightful Grounds with tennis and croquet lawns; 2 kitchen gardens, orchard, meadowland, in all about

5 ACRES

TO BE LET FURNISHED
ON VERY REASONABLE TERMS

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SUNNY TORQUAY c.2

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Substantially
Built and
CONVENIENT
RESIDENCE

6 reception, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Garage (with room over).

All main services. Central Heating.

Delightful Gardens and Grounds of about

1½ ACRES

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OR LET FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

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RECONDITIONED
SMALL
GEORGIAN
HOUSE

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Main water and electricity.

Central Heating.

Garage, Stabling and 2 Cottages.

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ABOUT 10 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

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UNSPOILT WEST SUSSEX VILLAGE c.4

4 miles Midhurst, 7 miles Haslemere. Off the beaten track. Amidst glorious surroundings.

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Magnificent lounge, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms (with lavatory basins), bathroom, usual offices. Wealth of oak beams, open fireplaces, etc.

Electric light.

Good water supply.

Modern drainage.

Garage two.

Cottage available.

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IN A LOVELY ORCHARD GARDEN.

FASCINATING RESIDENCE

Quiet position just off bus route, amidst property of similar character.

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

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Fitted basins (h. and c.).

All main services and labour saving conveniences.

Heated Garage.

Charming Gardens.

Full-sized tennis court. Fruit trees; kitchen garden.



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PICTURESQUE LABOUR-SAVING RESIDENCE

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Square hall, 3 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom.

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Garage.

Attractive Garden of nearly Half an Acre.



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THE SILENT SPORTS CAR

THE luxurious Bentley is known as the 'Silent Sports Car' and this marque certainly justifies the slogan. Its performance is silky yet startlingly vivid, and of all the fast cars on the road none is safer *The Bystander.*



15 Conduit Street, W.1

SOLUTION to No. 557

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of Sept. 28th, will be announced next week.

G	C	G	O	A	B	E	D	L	A	M
G	R	E	A	T	G	A	B	L	E	O
E	C	R	B	D	R	O	W	N	S	
R	E	G	E	N	E	R	A	T	E	E
N	S	E	O	R	A	R	E	R		
S	M	S	T	A	R	T	L	E		
T	R	O	O	P	C		S	H	I	P
A	N	A	S	H	O	R	E	M	S	
R	O	U	N	D		W	T	A	B	L
V	M	E	N	J	O	I	N	S	S	S
E	W	E	R	S	A	N	S			
L	N		G	R	E	G	A	R	I	O
I	N	T	E	R	N	A	K	R	I	
N	A		A	R	C	H	I	T	E	C
G	U	L	L	E	T	H	N	N	S	

ACROSS.

- Worcestershire did well to cherish them (two words, 6, 8)
- Most inconsistently it seems to require a ban on the first letter (6)
- "Rare din" (anagr.) (7)
- Fails to keep up (4)
- In making one a best-seller will probably need many (10)
- Enjoyment shown in August or September (5)
- Hungry (8)
- Sealing a person's lips should keep it from escaping (3)
- Danzig before September, 1939 (two words, 4, 4)
- A tool for a tree (5)
- "Fire enters" (anagr.) (10)
- It produces blackthorn (4)
- Greek 22 (7)
- "Till Goths, and —s, a rude Northern race, Did all the matchless Monuments deface." —Dryden (6)
- It makes itself felt with the rash (two words, 8, 6).

DOWN.

- They seem to be lifting up their voices to the hills (7)
- Kate can be got out of the wood (4)
- "Here thou, great Anna! whom three — obey, Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea." —Pope (6)
- For St. George and England, and indeed all humanity (two words, 3, 5)
- Not copyright but copy written (10)
- As many a basement has been (12)
- Stentor must have been a big one in his time (5)
- These are not ensigns in the Navy (two words, 4, 8)
- Not coming into port: just the opposite in mode of conduct (10)
- If it's more fruit, 2 and 8 are better to than 24 (3)
- A victim of *mal de mer* might be the appropriate inn sign (two words, 5, 3)
- Admission (5)
- The witches' greeting to Macbeth (two words, 3, 4)
- "The traffic of Jacob's ladder Pitched betwixt — and Charing Cross." —Francis Thompson (6)
- Granny's won't hold (4)

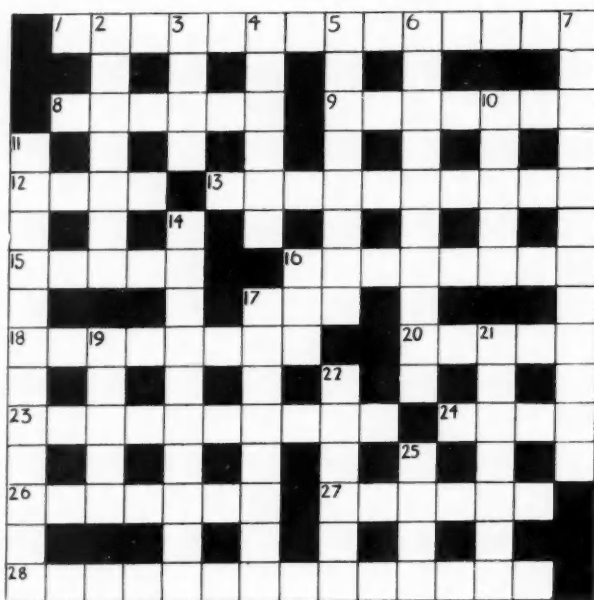
"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 558

A prize of books to the value of 2 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 558, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Friday, October 11th, 1940.**

The winner of Crossword No. 556 is

Miss M. H. Davis, The Liberty, Wells, Somerset.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 558



Name

Address

COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5th, 1940

Vol. LXXXVIII. No. 2281



Lenore

28, St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1

MRS. DESMOND REID

Mrs. Reid is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. J. B. Paget of Ibstock Place, Roehampton, and her husband the younger son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. P. L. Reid, of Thorpe Mandeville Manor, near Banbury

COUNTRY LIFE

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"Country Life" Crossword No. 558 p. xiv.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: INLAND 2d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2d.

LICENSING OF PRIVATE BUILDING

ONE of the strangest anomalies to be seen in London just now is a large new office building defiantly rising only a few yards from another on which a Nazi bomber has done its worst. Every day it grows a stage nearer completion, and with a glorious indifference to the shattered state of windows in the neighbourhood plate glass is still being systematically inserted in its window openings. It is by no means the only building of its kind on which work is still going forward in the teeth of air bombardment, and the explanation, of course, is that the contracts were entered into months ago and that in most cases work has been delayed by the difficulty of obtaining materials. Actually the amount of private building now in progress has shrunk to very small dimensions, and from Monday next onwards it will be subject to a licensing system which Mr. Greenwood announced in July that the Government was planning to put into effect. To all intents and purposes control of civil building has been in force for some time owing to the rationing of several of the principal materials—in particular, timber, steel and, more recently, cement. Timber shipments have been affected since the closing of the Baltic, which for centuries has been the main source of our supplies and even in the Middle Ages provided us with soft-wood—in the form of "estrich" or Eastland boards—not to be found in our forests. Control of steel became necessary when first Norway and then France was overrun, while at the same time the demands of the war industries were steadily increasing. Since then the pressing needs of defence works have made it necessary to control the supplies of cement, which has been rationed since August.

Under the new licensing system any new building operations estimated to cost more than £500, other than those undertaken for the Government, will require a licence, which will only be granted for work of special urgency or importance. Buildings already under construction can be carried on if application is made before October 21st, and the Government has undertaken to consider sympathetically cases where the withholding of a licence would involve special hardship. Although the grant of a licence will not guarantee delivery of controlled materials within a specified time, they will be released according to the supplies available. The control will be administered by the Office of Works from twelve regional centres, each of which will have its own licensing officers, to whom applications should be made. At the same time, the machinery for the control of materials will be changed, so that applicants for licences can state their requirements at the same time and place. As the supplies of materials available are apt to vary in different areas, the regional system should be an improvement on the present one because the local officer will be more closely in touch with the situation as regards the local supplies available, and it will be a saving of time and trouble to private individuals and businesses applying for a licence to deal with one instead of two or more offices. Local authorities and public utility undertakings will continue to obtain authorisations from the Government department concerned. The control applies not only to new building operations but also to reconstruction work arising out of air-raid damage, where this involves an expenditure of more than £500 and takes the form of actual re-building as opposed to first-aid repairs.

The ordinary householder will be chiefly concerned to know how he or she is affected if called upon to make good air-raid damage. The Government's first principle is that of self-help. Every owner or occupier of a damaged building is urged to institute first-aid repairs as soon as possible, applying to the local authority when the necessary materials or labour are not to be had. Arrangements have been made to ensure the prompt release of materials required for this purpose. The

reconstruction of houses or premises completely demolished will, however, come under the category of new building and necessitate application for a licence. One point that at the time of writing still remains to be cleared up is the discrepancy between present building costs and those of eighteen months ago, which at the moment form the basis on which compensation is calculated. We are assured, however, that it will be regulated in the near future, so that those faced with repairing air-raid damage need not fear that they will be out of pocket over any work they undertake.

TOWN AND COUNTRY

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH and the 1940 Council are pressing for further research and publicity on the subject of the use of land, both for war purposes and in preparation for the coming of peace. It is vital, when the great task of reconstruction is undertaken—and it is likely that the switch-over from war to peace organisation will have to be rapid—that a policy and a plan should be fully developed. The basis for both exists in the Report of the Barlow Commission on the Distribution of Industries, which adopts the principle of satellite towns. But unless the sites of these are selected with as much regard to the agricultural quality of the land as to other factors, we shall witness the same frightful wastage of fertile acres as in 1939 and 1919. In this respect it is easy to agree with Mr. F. J. Osborn of the Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, when he says: "We ought to have had, from the first day of the war, a national body competent to give a balanced yet speedy judgment on the complex questions of development and which should have the final word on conflicting claims." But in his assumption that the great congested cities must be decentralised into "more openly built towns . . . with homes and gardens within easy travelling distance of work," the whole character of these satellite towns is called into question. Assuredly they must be more spaciouly planned than those they replace. But unless they are towns, with the civic character given by well considered terrace design and imaginative planning, these satellite towns will be so many more suburbs of semi-detached monotony spreading even farther outwards till they join the suburbs of the old cities. There simply is not room in this island for further housing under the present density regulations. Which is certainly a further argument for Mr. Osborn's "competent national body."

THE GEORGE CROSS

IN Dr. Johnson's "Preface to Shakespeare" that great and thorough seeing man wrote these words: "Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion." Heroes, Johnson meant, in the old sense of the word—men who were half divine and completely inspired in what they so triumphantly accomplished—and he just as surely implied that in Shakespeare's (and his) opinion those heroes were poor fish compared with men who, sharing our common humanity, acted as we would aspire to have acted on the same occasion. Aspire is the word, for we know our own weakness, and feel that we cannot all be heroes; or are we even quite sure about that? At least we never fail, or hope we do not, to recognise the essential quality of heroism when we see it. That is why for a century the Victoria Cross, open to men of all ranks from drummer-boy to field-marshal, has been held an object of universal veneration. To-day the opportunity for performing brave deeds and acts of great gallantry in defence of the country against the violence of the enemy has passed beyond the limits of what were once the only "fighting" Services. The award of two of the first Crosses to those who led the preservers of St. Paul's Cathedral, Lt. Robert Davies and Sapper George Wylie, fittingly introduces this new and select company of men—and women—who, in discharging the duty lying before them in streets or factory or in the home itself, perform acts of heroism as glorious as upon the most desperate field of battle.

HOUSE FULL

THOSE who have been "staying put" do not probably quite appreciate how many others have, for one cause or another, sought living-room away from home, and how hard it has been to come by. To disappear into the blue with a car and a suit-case is one thing, and to find a room is another. Hotels and lodgings within even long range of London have been filled to bursting, and those lucky people who have managed to get in have quickly grown accustomed to visitors coming to ask in a pathetic and insinuating manner whether there is any nook or corner to be had. It is wonderful what can be done with good will, a little squeezing and doubling, with sofas and camp beds, and the country has risen nobly to the occasion in giving the town a few badly needed days of sleep and comparative quiet. But it is both unwise and a little unfair to leave too much to chance, for the saying that where there is room in the heart there is room in the house has been put to an extreme test.

MR. ARTHUR PORTMAN

WHEN a bomb struck his home in Montague Square, killing everybody in it, Mr. Arthur Portman died as he sat at dinner with his wife. He was proprietor and for fifty years editor of *Horse and Hound*, that excellent paper which was founded by his father Mr. Wyndham Portman, a younger brother of the first Viscount Portman, in 1884, with the idea of giving the sporting public a journal sober in its presentation of fact and dealing seriously with bloodstock breeding. Mr. Portman took over the editorship, under the *nom de plume* of "Audax," in September, 1890. His last contribution to his paper, in its September 20th issue, is some reminiscences of his half-century, and he did not live to pass the proof. Mr. Portman was on intimate terms with



A SECTION OF THE ROMAN WALL EAST OF HOUSESTEADS. Lord and Lady Henley, of Askerton Castle, Brampton, have recently presented to the nation the whole length of the Roman Wall running through their property east and west of Birdoswald. By this gift a long section of the Cumberland portion of the Wall is added to the stretch farther east, in the Housesteads region, which is already in National Trust ownership, and a part of which is seen in the above photograph

everybody worth knowing in two generations on the Turf, and also in shooting circles, and had himself ventured into the ranks of owners, though not with the success of his mother's father, Thomas Thornhill of Riddleworth Hall, Norfolk, who twice won the Derby. He himself had been brought up at Bryanston, and he remained in spirit a country gentleman of the fine old kind. None ever heard him say a harsh or unjust word, and his devotion to Mrs. Portman, who soon after their marriage late in his life became a permanent cripple, was touching to all privileged to witness it. To the readers and staff of his paper we tender the sympathy of workers in the same field.

BEETHOVEN IN WAR-TIME

Music in war-time, music borne on the air
To us in England somewhere.
Music sweeping upward in a steady, exultant flight,
Let us only remember this splendour, this spirit alive and alight,
And forget, forget the guns,
The Bofors, the Brens, the Lewis, the three point ones.
They may thunder death to the sky, but they shall not destroy
The sun and the moon and the stars—they shall live, we shall live
If we clasp undaunted the tenuous thread of joy.
Pure ecstasy of sound so triumphantly winging
Over the shadows that fade and are fugitive—
Not even this night shall endure if our hearts are singing.

PHYLLIS MEGROZ.

POET OF THE ROADS

DE QUINCEY called Oxford Street his "strong-hearted step-mother" and Francis Thompson's lyrical mysticism had for its background an experience gained among London's outcasts, but it would be misleading to suggest that W. H. Davies, the "super-tramp," as he liked to call himself, belonged to their company. His early vagabond life, described so charmingly in his autobiography but without a trace of self-consciousness, was of his own choosing. Like Borrow, he enjoyed a knock-about life of adventure, and his essentially simple and innocent nature was neither seared by his experiences nor spoiled when fame suddenly came to him. His philosophy of life—though that is too grand a word for the wistful vision disclosed in his verse—is summed up in the two lines of his best known poem:

What is this life if full of care
We have no time to stand and stare?

"Standing and staring" at children, animals, flowers, country sounds and scenes, he was able to write little lyrics with a directness and simplicity that are in refreshing contrast to the sophistication of most modern poets. But charming as much of his verse is, he will probably find his true place in English literature as the author of one of the most remarkable of autobiographies. Readers of it will remember, in addition to his realistic descriptions of "hitch-hiking" across America, or life in a London doss-house, the delightful account of the street singer's career and the key to success in it: "gridling" was the cant term used to describe the technique of making so painfully discordant the drawled-out hymn that contributions could be counted on to send the vocalist round the corner. It was after losing a leg in an accident that Davies turned to literature and by dogged persistence found a publisher and a public. Since the last war, when he was granted a civil pension, he had settled in Gloucestershire, where he died last week at his home at Nailsworth.

DELIVERY OF "COUNTRY LIFE"

EVERYTHING possible is being done to ensure that COUNTRY LIFE reaches readers regularly every Friday, but occasionally there may be delay owing to dislocation of transport by air raids. If COUNTRY LIFE should arrive after the normal day, it is hoped that readers will accept their copy as usual since, under the Government's Paper Control Order, the newsagent is unable to return unsold copies and will himself have to pay for any not accepted. He is working under difficult conditions, and the co-operation of readers will be appreciated by him, and by ourselves.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Sign-posts and Compass Points—Red Winds in Libya—Forest Fires and Incendiarism

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS.

THE suggested erection on our mute and uncompromising signposts of indicators showing the points of the compass would seem to be a more or less unnecessary expenditure, seeing that almost everybody carries a perfectly reliable compass on his person, and that is the ordinary watch. It is admitted that the sun is required as a necessary concomitant to the use of the watch as a compass, and that on some days in this country the sun is not in evidence, but it requires a very dull day indeed when there is not some lightening of the clouds to show the spot behind which he is lurking. All that one has to do is to point the small hand of the watch at the sun, and half way between the hour indicated and twelve o'clock is due south. There are two points to remember with this very simple compass, and that is, when summer time rules, one must make one hour's allowance for the clock being advanced, and secondly, after 6 p.m. the bisection of the arc between the hour and twelve o'clock must be done the long way round, or conversely, if one does it the quicker and shorter way, the point arrived at is due north, which, after all, is quite as useful as the south.

If the day is hopelessly overcast there is an Alaskan method of determining the direction of the sun, which I have found quite reliable during dense sandstorms in the Egyptian deserts but not so reliable in England. The requirements for this system are an ordinary penknife and a moderately bright and polished thumbnail, which in these days of intensive gardening and wood-cutting is not the general rule. The penknife is opened up and the point of the blade placed vertically on the thumbnail, twirled round until a faint dark shadow is discernible, and the direct opposite of this shadow is the direction of the sun that is providing the light. Then the watch is brought into use and the points of the compass determined.

As, however, for some unexplained reason the penknife-thumb nail method does not work always in England and, as the alternative system of discovering the lichen side of tree-trunks for due north may not be possible at treeless cross roads, perhaps the authorities had better go ahead with the erection of compass points. It might cause great congestion of traffic on certain main roads if the occupants of many cars and lorries got out to argue the question.

* * *

THE following little episode in connection with points of the compass and desert sand-storms may give some idea of the difficulties that lie ahead of Marshal Graziani and his invading army in Libya. My wife and I, with a patrol of desert cars, were coming up from southern Sinai on the coastal road that skirts the shores of the Gulf of Suez. It was an unseasonably hot, airless day in early October, and the glare and heat of the desert were most unpleasant. By 11 a.m., however, we were within sight of civilisation, cool drinks, and lunch, for to the north-west Gebel Ataka behind Suez was in full view and a belt of dark green trees marked the spot where Port Tewfik lay.

Then suddenly things began to happen. A little puff of red-hot wind came from the south, and tiny dust devils went spiralling up the road—a foretaste of what was coming, and a second later it came. With a roar a south-easterly gale was on us, and in a moment everything—the heights of Gebel Ataka, the line of Port Tewfik trees, and the blue Gulf itself—had disappeared in dense yellow haze. For ten minutes I drove ahead as I was still able to pick out the faint outline of the road or track ahead, and then, as the gale increased, that went also.

The three patrol cars disappeared and were not seen again until the evening. My Arab orderly got out of the car to examine the ground closely to ascertain if we were still on the road, and he vanished into the haze. The cook followed suit, despite my protests, for whatever happens the cook is the last person one wishes to lose; for a second, in his white flapping *galabayah*, he was visible, and then he also was submerged in the dust.

There was no real danger, because I knew the country. Therefore, instead of sitting still and waiting for better conditions—the only sensible thing to do in the circumstances—I drove on with the help of a compass, hoping to find Port Tewfik, shelter and food. Seven hours later when the gale dropped and the air cleared, we found ourselves over ten miles to the north-east of the Suez Canal and heading for the sand country that lies on the banks of the Bitter Lakes. We had our lunch and cooling drinks that day at about 9 p.m., but I doubt if under similar conditions Graziani and his men will find cooling drinks or anything of that nature if a sand-storm catches them in Libya. I do not think Kipling knew that country very well, but with his unerring gift for getting at rock-bottom truth and for suitable words to depict it he wrote these telling descriptive lines:

"A skull beneath a sand-hill and a viper coiled inside
And a red wind out of Libya roaring, 'Run and hide.'"

* * *

IT will be disclosing no military secret to admit now that during the burning dry days at the end of August and beginning of September German aeroplanes made repeated attempts to set fire to plantations in the New Forest and the Dorset heaths with incendiary bombs. One pilot had a positive fixation with regard to a particular fir wood, and gave it a fresh sprinkling of incendiaries every night for a week in his desire to keep the home fires burning. The various fire brigades, auxiliary and regular, assisted by troops, were on the spot immediately to deal with the blazes, and on the whole the results for the invading aircraft were extremely poor. Owing to the fact that, except for one week in July, we had had no rain since the middle of May, everything—heather, gorse and grass—was as dry as tinder, and in similar circumstances in the spring of 1938, when we were at peace, our haphazard picnickers and more deliberate owners of forest grazing rights accomplished far more in a much shorter period.

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOYS ON THE LAND

Some conclusions based on the Cheltenham College Holiday Agricultural Camps in the Cotswolds and the Forest of Dean

STACKING HAY. MANY SQUADS OF BOYS WORKED ON NEAR-BY FARMS ON HALF HOLIDAYS IN THE SUMMER TERM



IN response to an appeal for their services on the land, about a hundred Cheltenham College boys spent anything up to five weeks of the summer holidays working on farms in Gloucestershire. This is no more than many boys from other public schools have done in their own districts, so let us hasten to add that these remarks are set down without the least intention of emphasising the importance or the success of the Cheltonian contribution to this form of national effort. But the very fact that there were so many school farming schemes in being this summer may give a general interest to an account of one of them.

Two of the housemasters undertook the working out of the Cheltenham scheme, and the first steps were taken soon after the summer term started. Contact with the farmers was established through a local branch of the Farmers' Union. When their requirements were known sites had to be chosen for the camps, so that every boy should be within easy bicycling range of his employer. Few farmers wanted more than two or three boys, and as, for catering, camouflage and other reasons, it was thought best to avoid having more than about twenty boys in any one camp, the problem was to find four sites, each one accessible to five or six farms. The rest of the boys—a somewhat larger group—were being employed on an estate near Huntley, on the northern fringe of the Forest of Dean. Here accommodation

was an easier matter, as there was a convenient village institute, not used at present, which could house most of the boys. Some of them preferred when the time came to sleep out on May Hill, and one can hardly imagine a more spacious or well ventilated dormitory.

Ideal camping sites are never easy to come by, and over the four in the Cotswolds there were difficulties and disappointments. Some farmers, having put in a request for boys, found later that they no longer wanted any, as the change in the military situation had left them with more labour than they had anticipated. This led to the abandonment of one early-chosen site. Another was commandeered by the Army. In the end, however, sites were found, and if the organisers, surveying the pitched tents in August, saw that they were good, it was with gratitude in their hearts to the kind people who had helped by lending a cottage or a disused dairy or a stone barn so that cooking could be done and meals taken under something more substantial than canvas.

The camps were run by housemasters or assistant masters, with college ladies or mothers of boys to take charge of the kitchen, the stores and the medicine chest. Work in the kitchens began at 6.15 a.m. (breakfast being at 7 o'clock, except at one camp where work started at this hour, which meant a correspondingly earlier rise for the cooks), and, with luck, the labours of the day were over about 10 p.m., when the cocoa-cups were all washed up and the primuses

had been refilled. The ladies had a tough job, and it was fortunate that in most of the camps at any rate there were enough of them to take turns on duty.

Small lumbering parties of six or eight boys had gone out to the Forest of Dean estate for week-ends during the summer term, and during August a certain number of boys who had proved their competence with an axe were employed in the same way, cutting pit-props and clearing plantations. But in the main the work there was of a less skilled kind, cutting bracken and fruit-picking being the chief jobs required.

In the Cotswolds the boys were wanted chiefly for the harvest, but there was little harvesting to be done for the first week, and on some of the farms for the first fortnight. This was foreseen. In fact, if the weather had not been exceptionally good the harvest would have been later still. From the farmers' point of view it would have been better if the month of camp had started in the middle of August instead of directly term was over. Next year this is almost certainly what will happen. But there were good reasons for this year's choice of time. Boys were being asked to give up a large proportion of their summer holidays. Many of them had experience only of O.T.C. camps. They may not have expected anything more strenuous than the work that came their way, but they may well have prepared themselves for something distinctly more unpleasant. A month out of the middle of the holidays would, it was thought, have definitely discouraged not a few of them, besides putting the burden of two extra railway fares upon their parents. Another year these factors, though they may still have influence, need not prevent some at any rate of the camps from being almost entirely harvesting camps. Thanks to what they have learnt this year there will be a sufficient number of boys knowing how to stook and use a pitchfork who will be ready to come and encourage others to come when the farmers most urgently require them. Against the extra railway expenses entailed can be set the higher wages that can be earned when the harvest is in full swing.

On the other hand, this year's pre-harvest days of employment served a useful purpose. It gave boys experience of the amazing variety of jobs which farming entails, and it gave farmers a chance of seeing what boys could do. It would be amusing to compile a complete catalogue of the jobs that various parties of boys were given at one time or another: cleaning cowsheds, tidying up timber and making straddles of firewood, ringing young pigs, scything thistles, digging out rabbit burrows, widening the banks of the Windrush against winter flooding, sheep-dipping, painting machinery are a few one recalls from the hubbub



"AN EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD CROP, VERY MUCH EXPOSED TO THE WIND"



AT WORK ON THE FIRST SWATHE

Mr. Jukes, chief organiser of the holiday camp, on the extreme left

of conversation or the state of boys' clothes at the end of each day. When all else failed there was always hoeing and weeding to provoke good-humoured exasperation.

Some of the boys were put on to help with the milking on a farm that kept a large dairy herd. Though he had never tried his hand at it before, one of the boys was soon doing his nine or ten cows as a preliminary to the day's work. One evening one of the lady helpers found him studiously employed with a borrowed manicure implement. "I did not know you were fussy about your fingers," she said. "I'm not," was his reply, "but my cows are."

There were other less attractive jobs. The owner of the land on which one of the camps was pitched was asked by a friend what sort of work he found for the boys before harvesting began. "Well," he began to explain, "for one thing I had a lot of muck which wanted shifting, and then there were my pigsties to be cleaned out." "But surely you didn't put them on to that," was the friend's incredulous retort. As the tale of the jobs continued, the retort became a refrain, to the great amusement of the boys' employer, who had the advantage of his friend—not in having been to a public school, for so had they both, but in realising what can be expected of the average lad of fifteen to eighteen.

Next year we may have to expect larger heaps of muck. But it will be by way of a compliment, and taken as such.

Pay was a major problem. The first week was easy, as every farmer who took boys had agreed to pay £1 a week per boy, so that their living expenses were covered. The complications came in the subsequent weeks, for every farmer had his own method of computation, and the results varied considerably. Some preferred to continue on the £1 a week basis,

balancing the weaker members of the squads they had been sent against the stronger. Others paid 6d. or 8d. an hour according to the boys' capabilities. Others were content with a report from their foreman or their own occasional impressions to pay at rates varying



LEARNING THE TECHNIQUE OF STOOKING OATS

individually from 15s. to 35s. per week. As a whole the wages paid compared very favourably with the current Agricultural Wage Schedule for Gloucestershire. The £1 a week comprehensive rate was the least satisfactory, for under this system a herculean member of



PICKING CHARLOCK

A job affording variety only in headgear

the College XV could earn no more than a boy as willing, probably, but of only half his size and man-power. To meet discrepancies of this kind most of the camps adopted a pooling system: all wages received were handed over to the camp manager, who subtracted the cost of keep for the week (generally not much more than 15s.) and then issued a dividend in accordance with his own estimate of each boy's capabilities and the boy's individual score in hours worked. One farmer, paying on the £1 a week basis throughout, caused a further complication by giving two of his squad a parting tip of generous size as a tribute to the way they had got on with the job.

In the days before harvesting started most boys worked from 8 a.m. till 5 or 5.30 p.m., with an hour off for lunch, which they took out with them. Harvesting added an hour or two to the working day, but there would then be a tea interval of half an hour to an hour, and it was amazing what a difference that tea interval made. It was a common experience that the evening shift was the easiest. One might feel weary at 10 a.m., and hardly at one's best between 2 and 3 p.m., but when the sun was getting near the horizon and there was only one more wagon to load, one felt, as often as not, that one could go on for ever. The credit for this should be shared by the teas the farmers gave us and the air of the Cotswolds at an altitude of seven to eight hundred feet.

When work ended at 5 p.m. it was possible for boys to get back for lemonade and biscuits. Harvesting retarded one's return and often the supper hour itself, and as the days drew in one's bath had to be taken, if at all, in a gloom broken only by the chance gleam of a searchlight. Hot water there was in plenty, for each camp had one of the O.T.C. boilers and firewood was plentiful.



(Above) A camp wash-house, with fuel chopping block, and O.T.C. boiler, with overhead supply pipe. The whole outfit constructed by the boys

(Left) Stooking large to allow for cultivation before carting. An additional problem for the beginner

Carting most boys found as satisfying, and as strenuous, as any other job they were given. Some of them became sufficiently competent to load a wagon, but it was more usual for them to be employed in pitching from the ground or passing the sheaves to the stacker on the rick. Even that required energy and skill, for a farm labourer is a quick worker when he is on a wagon or a rick and his pace is as steady and relentless as an elevator's. Many of us, indeed, preferred to work to the tune of an elevator, for its belt did occasionally slip. Stooking was as much of a test. Its

technique for a time even supplanted the eternal aeroplane as supper-table subject No. 1. Which was best for stability, sixes or eights? Did the knot of the string really indicate the best position for the butt of the sheaf? Ought the two final sheaves to rest one against each end of the stook? (Hideous heresy this in the eyes of most.) One field of oats, an exceptionally good crop very much exposed to the wind, was stooked by two of the boys almost alone. It happened to lie near—alas! too near—the camp. Those stooks came in for a very general inspection. We counted them at end

of day but when the wind fell, where were they?

All this taught an enormous respect for the ordinary labourer. A nicely arcaded line of stooks or the straight lines of a rick now mean something. One thinks of Mac slinging the sheaves just where he wants them to lie, and turning them in transit, or Joe sliding precariously from the mountainous load he had at last finished topping up. In a war that has deprived us of the seashore and the cricket festival, what better holiday could there be than working with men like these?

WASPS IN YOUR GARDEN

THEIR QUEENS, THEIR NESTS AND THEIR SOCIAL HABITS

THOUGH some seven different kinds of social wasps are to be found in Great Britain, the countryman commonly thinks of them in terms of two types, the ground wasps and the tree wasps, and in his experience the ground-nesting species is by far the commoner of the two. In general appearance the members of each group in this rough and ready classification present a pretty close similarity, and I doubt if the average country dweller could tell them apart without reference to their nests and their habits of life.

Even in their nests, however, if we except the obvious and essential difference of location, we find a remarkably close approximation in form, construction and social habits. To begin with, unlike bees in their hives, wasp communities are only annual organisations. In the fall of each year the colonies, which thrive and multiplied during the heat of summer, die out and perish; the wasp citadel itself crumbles into dust; only the queens survive. At the end of the summer they are fertilised by the males, and then go into hibernation for the winter. They creep into faggot-piles, outbuildings or thatch, and there they remain in a quiescent state until the following spring.

In the first warm days of April each queen which has survived the rigours of winter



DIGGING OUT A GROUND WASPS' NEST: A DELICATE OPERATION
The nests are suspended by the top from the earth and roots above and there is always a complete clearance between the underpart and the bottom half of the nest cavity—probably for reasons of drainage

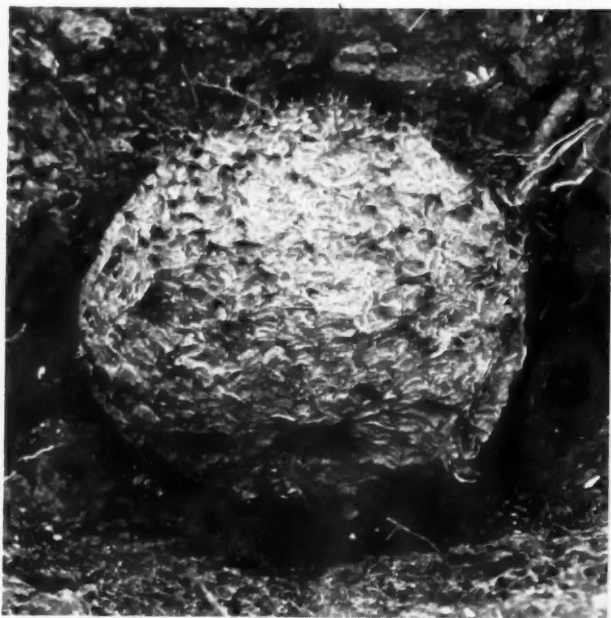
revives from her torpid sleep, and sets forth to found a new colony of her own. The ground-nesting species look for a convenient hole in the ground—often a mole run—and the tree wasps seek out a suitable bush or tree on which to start a nest. In each case a small umbrella-like structure is suspended from a secure position and a cluster of three cells is formed on the underside.

In each of the cells an egg is laid which hatches out on about the eighth day. The

warmth of the sun has much to do with the time taken for incubation, as indeed is largely the case with all insect life and other lower orders of existence. Anyone who has experimented with frog-spawn will know how the hatch can be greatly accelerated by subjecting the eggs to extra warmth; and anyone who has tinkered with wasp comb in warm sunshine will have cause to know with what disconcerting frequency the new wasps keep popping out of their cells.

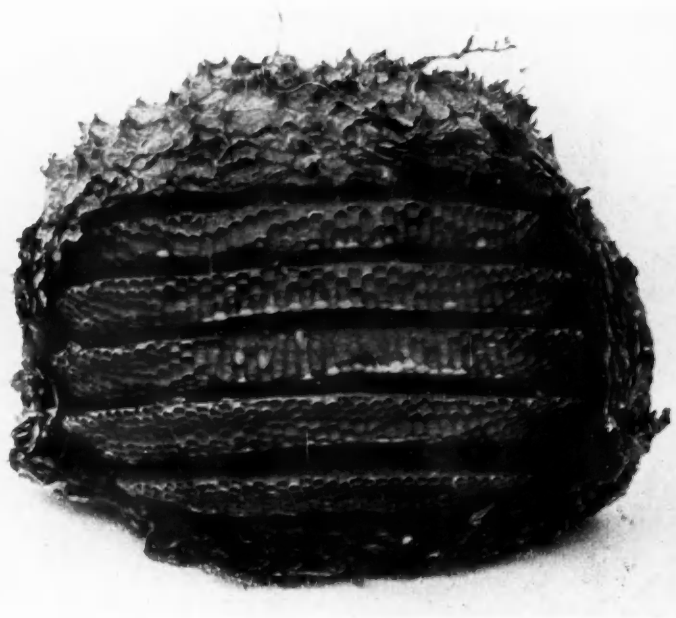
In the early days of the new wasp nest the lone queen is indeed busy about many and diverse tasks. Not only does she have to lay the foundations of the future colony, build the cells and lay the eggs; but she also has to feed the grubs when they hatch; and as their food has to be presented to them in a partly masticated condition, the task is even more arduous than at first appears. Yet all the while she toils unceasingly to enlarge the nest, build new cells and lay more eggs. Later as we shall see, most of these labours are taken off her hands by the armies of workers; and I think it is fairly true to say that then the queen restricts her activities to the laying of those countless eggs upon which the strength and vigour of the nest depend—an exacting enough labour in all conscience.

It is common knowledge that wasps



GROUND WASPS' NEST, SHOWING ENTRANCE

The spiny projections on the top are the supports by which it is suspended. Some of the roots shown went right through the back of the nest. Other smaller ones had been chewed off by the wasps.

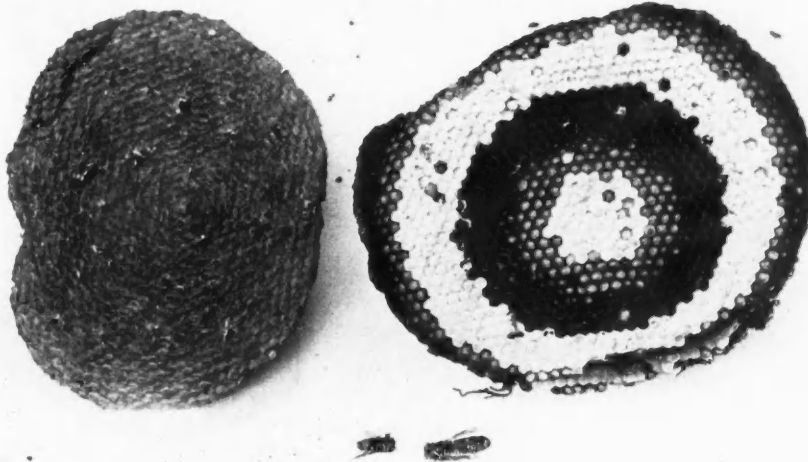


GROUND WASPS' NEST WITH SIDE WALL CUT AWAY

The nest is right way up. Note the strong construction of the top, whereby the whole nest is suspended in the hole and from which the six visible tiers of cells are suspended inside.

possessed the secrets of wood-pulping and paper-making long before they were ever discovered by man, and it is this wasp paper which is used in the construction of the nests. Dried wood is favoured for the purpose, and the clicking sound made by a wasp as it gnaws away at an old oak paling or a post on a warm afternoon can be heard several yards away. The colour of the paper is normally some shade of grey, sometimes lighter, sometimes darker, with now and again a reddish tinge in the texture. The exterior of the ground nests gives one the impression of fish scales, being constructed apparently in a series of scale-like semicircles.

To me one of the really interesting things about these fascinating nests is that they are all built on a suspension principle. In the case of the ground wasps, even, the structure is hung from the earth and roots that form the dome of the cavity. Each tier of cells, as it is added, is suspended by little tough pillars from the one above. As the colony grows the cavity is enlarged, particles of earth are carried out by the wasps as they leave their fortress; but never at any time are the cells, other than the top and second layers, fastened to the paper walls of the nest, or the paper walls themselves connected with the earth around them. Nor does the nest ever rest upon its base. The main reasons are probably twofold: in the first place, as the nest is constantly growing in size, it must always be enlarged outwards and downwards; any lateral or basic supports would impede this. In the second place, for reasons of drainage in case of heavy rains or sudden floods, it is desirable that there should be a clearance all round the bottom of the nest, that the waters may soak away without causing damage. The wonderful efficiency of this suspension construction will be realised when it is stated that ground nests not infrequently attain the size of a football, and when full of grubs weigh several pounds.



THE WASP COMB: UNDERSIDE RIGHT, TOP SIDE LEFT

The white sealed cells are almost ready to hatch out into perfect wasps. The rest contain either grubs or eggs, which are white, and adhere to the side of the cell, and may be seen in some of the apparently empty ones. None is really empty. The rope-sole appearance of the comb on the left is typical of the upper side of the structure. In the foreground is the queen wasp beside a worker.

All the cells in a wasps' nest hang downwards. In each cell the queen lays an egg which is fastened to the side. After about eight days the egg hatches into a grub, which is then attentively fed by the workers for a fortnight. At the end of that period it pupates, and the cell is sealed with a silky cover. After a further ten days the creature emerges as a perfect wasp. The cell is speedily cleaned up by the workers, and a fresh egg is laid by the queen. Two or three grubs may thus occupy the same cell successively in the course of the summer. Moreover, so industrious are the workers, and so exacting are the demands made upon the queen that at the time of its greatest activity it is rare to find a single empty cell in the whole of a nest.

The part played by the wasp in man's economy is varied. In early summer it does a great deal of good by killing off and devouring countless noxious insects, notably flies. I spent an interesting afternoon once, catching flies for a wasp that came to visit me as I sat by a table in the garden. It chanced that I had swatted a fly and left it dead on the table, when a patrolling wasp spotted it and, much to my amusement, carried it off. In a few minutes it came back for another. Thereafter I set to

catching flies for it. After taking a fly the wasp would scarcely be gone ten minutes, when it was back for another. Interested to see what it did with its booty, I followed it. After picking up a fly from the table, the wasp bore it to a pergola grown with roses, and there, with ferocious speed and alarming dexterity, it clipped off its victim's wings and legs and bore the carcass off to its nest.

Unfortunately, in September, just when the wasp fortresses are at their strongest, these hitherto admirable creatures forget their good works and turn their unwelcome attentions to all manner of ripening fruit, plums, I suppose, being the most seriously affected. Then is the time to go forth and slay them. Luckily this presents no difficulties.

If your garden is fairly extensive, the chances are that the wasp nests are on your own ground. You can easily track them down. Watch the wasps leaving your trees and follow their direction. If you can manage to get in such a position that the wasps are flying in the sunlight against a dark background of trees, you may watch them for a hundred yards or so. If you notice them all dipping down at a certain point, there you will find their nest. Wasps flying away from their nest often look much smaller than those going home, because the latter are heavy-laden. Once the nest is found, a lump of potassium cyanide or as much cyanogas as will cover a sixpence dropped in the hole will kill all the active population. Next day the nest should be dug up and burnt, else the pupae will not be long in hatching out and will continue to harass your fruit. Tar poured in the hole in the evening and the opening sealed with a piece of earth provides another effective remedy.

If you cannot find the nests, or if they are not in your garden, hang jam jars in the trees with an inch of stale beer in the bottom. I have seen jars choked nearly full to the brim with the mass of their victims. R. ADCOCK.



(Left) NEST OF TREE WASPS IN A GOOSEBERRY BUSH. The opening is at the base. One wasp is adding to the outside of the structure. (Right) NEST OF TREE WASPS CUT OPEN. The comb inside is suspended from the top in four tiers, which, however, are by no means perfectly horizontal. The bottom tier is suspended by a single central pillar. The upper two tiers are connected in parts to the side of the nest. The sealed cells contain pupae almost ready to hatch out as perfect wasps. Note the many thicknesses of the outer paper walls and the gooseberry built into the top.



THE FRIENDLY CLOCKS

BY PROFESSOR A. E. RICHARDSON, A.R.A.

NOTHING can give more pleasure in times of adversity than contemplation of those inanimate objects which form the background of home life. Among the more prominent Lares and Penates, clocks of all periods and character easily take predominance.

It would be a fallacy to term such mechanisms lifeless, for they are endowed with the secrets of former days, keyed with restless energy, wise in their reproachful nonchalance. These friendly instruments for measuring the passing hours are resentful of inattention on the part of transient owners: protesting meekly by a show of hands, and on occasion disturbing the harmony by maintaining deadly silence. Some houses are condemned for paucity of pictures, others by display of ostentatious vulgarity: yet others by a total absence of those attributes of punctilious etiquette which impress visitors with illusions of lineage. We have similar feelings when the voice of Big Ben is silent over London, when a familiar street is being disturbed by the advent of something mutely *bizarre*, or, worse still, when strenuous civic occupancy gives place to sand-bagged protection. In the refuge still afforded by home life we cogitate on human frailty and, with emotions varying with experience, conjure up ineffable scenes of former tranquillity. It is on such occasions that clocks afford comfort: we are no longer covetous of worldly possessions beyond our purses, and, except for a desire to put the hands back over the departed years, or wistful of power to advance them far into the future, we are resigned to circumstances.

Travelling through the West Country quite recently, it was impossible to resist a visit to a manor house where the owner has a

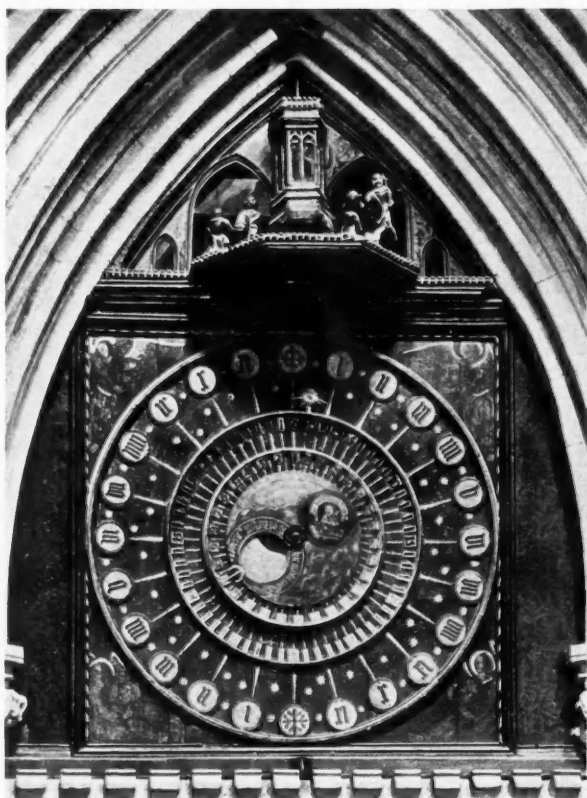
passion for clocks. We had a curious idea that here, perhaps, the tide of war had passed over the demesne and left things much as we had known in our youth. We were not to be disillusioned, for C— W— is a being of courage, one well stricken in years, a member of the Home Guard, and a born connoisseur.

No danger of dissolution threatens that house or its contents, save the ill chance of a stray bomb. The benign touch of mortmain has conferred full titular rights to the National Trust. Thus the manor house can never descend to odd uses, but must ever prove a spiritual haunt for the wraiths of the present occupant and his cronies, a delightful Mecca for generations as yet unborn.

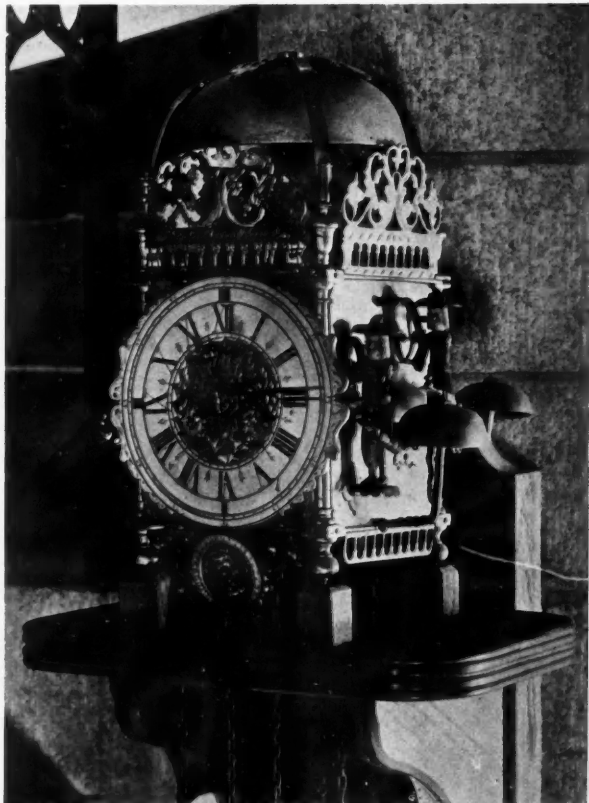
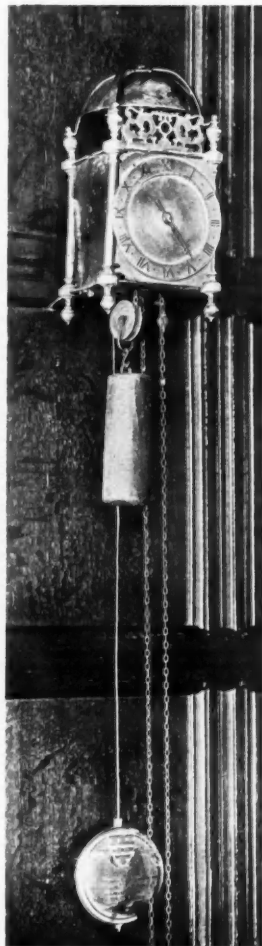
It is within these substantial panelled rooms and spacious corridors that you hold communication with the ghosts of famous clock-makers. Their voices—nay, their literal idiosyncrasies—are asserted from immeasurable distances, as though the whole Worshipful Company of Clockmakers were in solemn conclave discussing the merits of a new escapement or the imperishable longevity of automata. Learned, too, in horology and the making of

dials is friend W—. It would be presumption too contemptible to wrangle with him on the earliest clepsydræ or the features of the water clock presented by a King of Persia to Charlemagne. Thus he retains the true attitude of fanaticism, the passionate pursuit of a hobby that is appropriate and individual. And so, under tutelage, we wandered

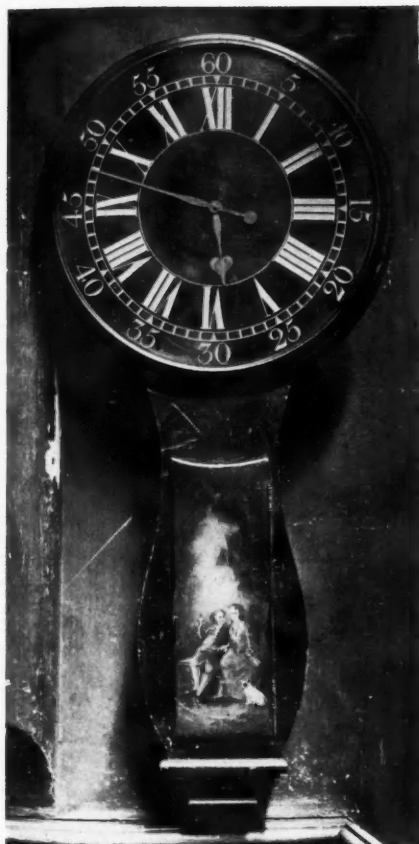
through the innermost recesses of this veritable temple of clocks, talking learnedly of the Jacquemarts at Dijon and Avignon, the cherubic jacks in their penthouse at Rye, of the great clock at Rouen and of its cousin in the Clock House at Chartres. We gossiped of the respective merits of the mediæval clocks at Glastonbury, Exeter and Wimborne, not forgetting the second clock at Strasbourg completed



THE GREAT CLOCK IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT OF WELLS CATHEDRAL, WITH CHARGING KNIGHTS ABOVE IT. MADE ABOUT 1392



(Above) BRASS LANTERN CLOCK WITH "CLOCK JACKS," made by Richard Grennell, 1680. At St. Michael's Mount. (Left) A SIXTEENTH CENTURY HANGING CLOCK WITH A "CLOCK JACK" STRIKER ABOVE. (Centre) A LANTERN CLOCK. Early seventeenth century



AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT CLOCK,
ABOUT 1797

by Conrad Dasypodius, wondering whether the Gestapo had ordered the removal of the Gallic Cock perched at the top of the weight turret, which crows three times at the hour.

And so we walked and talked in those homely rooms, desiring no catalogue *raisonnée* to remind us of the great clock at Venice with its religious symbols and bells playing chants and the Ave Maria.

And far away the dignity of the clock of St. Dunstan's in Fleet Street, which Charles Lamb regarded as one of the glories of old London, made its appeal to our imagination. We recalled how Elia had wept when the demons of destruction removed it, and we rejoiced to think of its return only yesterday practically to its old position; was it prophetic that the attendant figures should have been painted the colour of native Abyssinians?

And truly at S—the whole hierarchy of clocks seemed to be represented, for on what else had W—spent his life or made such use of his skill, outrivalling the famous collection of seventy-seven grandfather clocks which stands to the record of the late Norman Shaw. In addition to portable and table clocks of the seventeenth century there were specimens that would have delighted Charles II: these bore the magic name of Thomas Tompion and his notable contemporary Daniel Quare. There were neat bracket clocks and hanging clocks, scores of watches by Bradley and others, long-case clocks by Ellicot and Harrison, marine time-pieces and chronometers, and veritable gems by Breguet.

We paused to admire the Louis Quinze regulator in the drawing-room with its ormolu enrichments by Caffieri after Meissonier, which from its vantage point seems to regard two exquisite Louis Seize mantel clocks as mere garniture. Then there was the musical clock of 1780, which played psalms, minuets and hornpipes. The hall clock, the majordomo of the house, measured its standard height with the tops of the architraves. In its austerity of Regency inlay it seemed to rebuke a chiming long-case clock by Vulliamy. The dining-room held a fine tall gentleman of Adam design, emanating from the famous Fleet Street workshop of Grant. The morning room induced a retrospect of all the Empire clocks we remembered long ago in the shops of the Faubourg St. Honoré; the study, a return to the heyday of bracket clocks. And so it was in every room, a regal splendour of clockwork, fine cases, chasings, engravings, inlays and intarsia. All in order, all working, tick-tocking, vibrating, keeping time within a second or two, some with dead-beat escapement, others varying slightly in modulation to suit the requisitions of their inward movements. These ancients of other days are surely unequalled in the care and attentions bestowed upon them; there is no Crusoe quietude, no exile for any one member of that



A TWELVE MONTHS ASTRO-
NOMICAL CLOCK MADE BY
TOMPION AND BANGER
At Buckingham Palace



A BRACKET CLOCK, BY RICHARD BAKER
The Clockmakers Company

extraordinary assemblage. They have naught to do but to obey the wizard who has gathered them under one roof, and to trust him to ease their infrequent ailments.

This happy gathering of clocks inherits all the privileges of the pampered, being the cynosure of admiration in a scene of congenial beauty. And their rapturous expression, all and sundry, is manifested in accurate balance and rhythmic action. Full of movement, they are stationary; wedged to the slight unevenness of floors, they are perfect in poised equilibrium. And the master of the house has dominion over all, for no myrmidon is allowed to usurp the privilege of control. That household is never hushed, not even in the usually still hours of the night, when crickets alone may be heard, and the voice of man, the noisiest of living creatures, is silenced. Then you may lie awake and listen to a hundred silvery tongues. The chimes are rung from midnight to dawn, reverberating from bell to bell, tinkling, melodious, harmonic; shrilly treble, voluminously tenor, resonantly low.

Returned to the solitude of one's rooms in a Cambridge college during the Long, left stranded by the ebb of events in the very centre of detached learning, the memory of the clocks seemed to penetrate the walls and hinder the uneasy flow of a scratchy pen. It is midnight, the silence is broken by the chime of Great St. Mary's, and one is brought back abruptly to grim reality.



A FRENCH ORMOLU CLOCK
By Moisy



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1.—"THE GRECIAN MANSION OF GOLDEN STONE RISES FROM A SEA OF EXOTIC VEGETATION"

The south front and the terrace supported on a gigantic haha

"Country Life"

BELSAY CASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND—I

THE HOME OF THE MIDDLETONS OF BELSAY



Built 1810-17 by Sir Charles Monck (Middleton) from his own designs made during his honeymoon in Athens

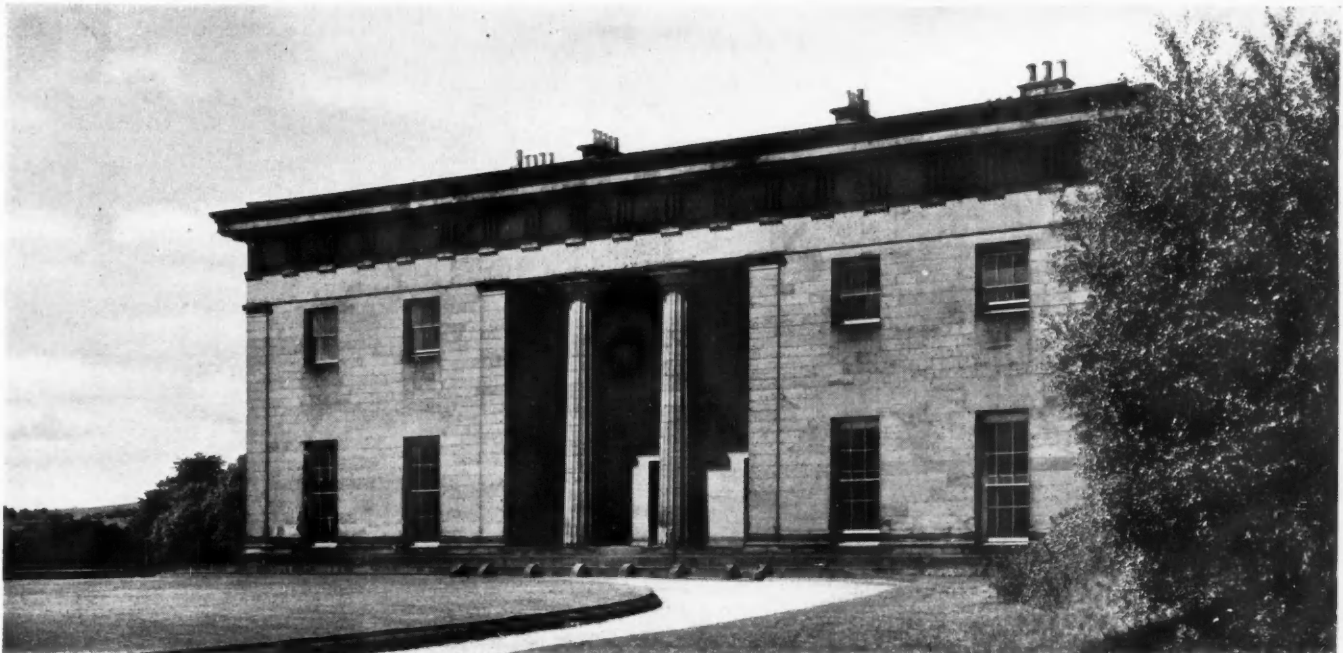
FOR eight hundred years there have been Middletons at Belsay, which lies nine miles from Morpeth on the Newcastle - Jedburgh road. From these mildly undulating uplands, clothed with ancient oaks rooted in rock, they have seen all that is Britain come into being: from the birth of Parliament, in which one of the first of them took no small share, and the constant watch and ward of the Scottish Border, to this time when the strength of a greater world-wide Britain is marshalled in defence of the age-old structure—a defence in which Belsay is playing its part. The three houses that the family has occupied during most of this time—that is, since about 1290—all stand habitable to this day within the great garden enclosure: the Border stronghold, the Renaissance house, and the Grecian mansion of gold sandstone that rises from a sea of exotic vegetation clothing in gorgeous colours the quarries whence all three homes were built. This self-contained Eden is thus a microcosm of English history. Without going outside the park fence one can follow the evolution of national life and manners, the growth and flowering of a noble tradition, the whole process through which the face of England has been slowly enriched by the industry and intellect of generations acting upon the substance of her soil. Yet to trace all this chronologically would be to repeat a familiar story of great intricacy and length for which space and time are wanting. Rather, I shall write as one goes, in reverse order, from the classic deeds of the nineteenth century which produced modern Belsay, back through the

2.—THE DORIC PORTICO AT NIGHT

The drums of the columns, set without mortar, fit so closely that the joints are almost invisible



3.—MANSION AND STABLES ACROSS THE VALLEY FROM THE SOUTH-EAST



4.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT



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5.—“THE LOW-PITCHED ROOF IS INVISIBLE. AND A HUGE DORIC ENTABLATURE CASTS A BAND OF DEEP SHADOW ROUND ALL THREE FRONTS”

“Country Life”

romantic gorges and chasms visibly symbolising the evolutionary period, to the misty origins of the family as represented, at the other end of the domain, by the thirteenth-century tower.

On a day in September, 1804, Sir Charles Miles Lambert Monck, sixth baronet, drove away from the Jacobean porch of old Belsay Castle on his honeymoon. He had changed his name from Middleton five years before in accordance with the will of his maternal grandfather, Mr. Monck of Caenby, Lincs. He was now aged twenty-five, and had just married Louisa, daughter of Sir George

just "topographised and typographised King Priam's dominions" at Troy and was undertaking his "Itinerary of Greece." The two amateurs seem, indeed, to have collaborated over the design of Belsay, since among Sir Charles Monck's drawings for the building is one inscribed "Sir William Gell's design for the hall at Belsay." Monck's surviving drawings are mostly carefully measured details and full-size profiles for mouldings, but there is a perspective drawing of the Theseion, and measured drawings of Doric columns from Nemea, Delos, Sunium, and the Parthenon. Actually Monck was ahead

ment of its setting betoken a no less keen study of landscape design and the contemporary principles of picturesque composition. There will be more to say of the latter next week when we proceed from the house through the romantic quarry garden towards the old castle, and explore the glorious jungle of rhododendrons and heather bordering a lake in the valley below the massive terrace on which the house stands. But the two aspects of the design cannot be entirely separated, for it is evident, from the remarkably successful result, that Sir Charles treated them as complementary to one another, relying on the

picturesque evergreen luxuriance of garden and park to offset the severe mass of the building, and *vice versa*. It is probable that he had read all that Uvedale Price and Payne Knight had to say on the relation of architecture to landscape—especially Knight, whose increasingly Hellenic bias would probably have led him to approve Belsay more highly than his own youthful undertaking at Downton, which it closely resembles in setting and principles except that Downton is rococo Gothic. The landscape architect of to-day, too, can learn much of how the setting of a modern house as uncompromisingly geometrical as Belsay might be handled.

Though its colour is a glowing gold, nothing could be more severe in design than this square, horizontal block, screened only to the north where kitchen and office buildings are grouped round a yard. It occupies a broad ledge, artificially levelled, on a slope falling southwards to a shallow valley. On the south side steps descend from the forecourt to a wide terrace at a slightly lower level and on a gentle slope, the edge of which, invisible from above, is supported by a gigantic *haha* formed of an arcaded wall some twelve feet high. Immediately below the house the terrace is planted with evergreen shrubs and masses of heaths in many varieties that form a strong, dark foreground to the austere mass above it seen from close quarters. Except at a distance, the very low-pitched roof is invisible; instead, a huge Doric entablature, with far-projecting cornice, casts a band of deep shadow round all three fronts. Great pains were evidently taken to produce this effect, since the soffits of the cornice are inclined upwards and inwards as in the best ancient examples, in order to intensify the shadow. Each front is subdivided into three sections by pilasters which so far depart from Doric severity as to have a base, extended along the foot of the wall; but the windows have no surrounds of any



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6.—IN THE CENTRE OF THE PLAN, A TWO-STOREY PILLARED HALL
Creamy-buff stone and rich *Empire* brass railings. Flaxman Sculpture

Cooke, Bt. Despite the fact that the invasion of England seemed imminent, and the French were at large on sea and over much of Europe, the young couple were bound for Athens, where they eventually arrived and remained for the space of two years. During that time a child, Charles Atticus Monck, was born, and, whatever the feelings of the young bride and mother, her husband threw himself with pencil and compass into the study of Hellenic architecture with the express purpose of building a fashionably Grecian house when they should return to Northumberland. This project may in part have been due to his meeting in Athens with Sir William Gell, a cheerful and enthusiastic young Hellenist two years his senior, who, in Byron's words, had

of the fashion in projecting a strictly Grecian home in the first decade of the nineteenth century. The closest counterpart to Belsay is perhaps Wilkins' reconstruction of The Grange, Alesford, with its colossal Doric portico overlooking the park, dating from 1820, which is also the date of Inwood's St. Pancras Church inspired by the Erechtheum. The next two decades saw numerous civic buildings inspired by Greek precedent, from Smirke's front of the British Museum (1823) to Hardwick's famous entrance to Euston Station (1838), but few country houses exemplify it in so pure and remarkable a degree as Belsay.

Interesting as are the origins and execution of Monck's project, the choice and treat-

kind, their part in the design being restricted to their spacing. It will be seen that no front has a pediment, that *sine qua non* of eighteenth-century "classical" buildings, the merely ornamental and incorrect use of which offended the scholarly susceptibilities of Hellenic purists from the time of Soane onwards. The latter demonstrated that a pediment was only admissible when it actually formed the gable end of a ridge-roofed hall, or similar longitudinal building, and was entirely illogical clapped against a front at right angles. Instead, entrance to the east front is by a portico of two immense Doric columns *in antis* (Fig. 2). The superb masonry throughout the building is exemplified by the drums of these columns, set without mortar but

fitting so closely that it is impossible to insert a knife between them.

Some indication of the mathematical basis of the proportions and design generally is given by a note that has survived relating to the stable belfry. The stables, immediately north-east of the entry front, are visible on the right of Fig. 3. The belfry is octagonal with alternately broad and narrow sides, surmounted by a circular bell-cote, the whole slightly reminiscent of the Tower of the Winds and the Monument of Lysicrates. The note reads: "Each division is to be $\frac{1}{3}$ horizontally and perpendicularly shorter than the next under it; and each perpendicular face to be $\frac{1}{3}$ of the whole division to which it belongs."

The plan of the house is simplicity itself: a central pillared hall of two storeys, lit from the roof (Fig. 6), surrounded by the various apartments. In his mind's eye, perhaps, the builder saw this hall as an inner court open to the sky, which would account for his not having expressed it externally, as he would have been justified in doing, with a pediment on its axis. Columns and walls are all in the creamy buff natural stone, but a touch of splendour is given by the magnificent brass railings of the gallery and staircase, which ascends between the north range of columns and the wall. In Gell's design there was to be a row of caryatides in place of the Tuscan columns in the upper storey, which, though taxing the Newcastle sculptors, would certainly have enlivened the scene!



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"Country Life"

8.—THE LIBRARY CHIMNEYPiece

Yellow scagliola and white marble, carrying through the design of the bookcases



7.—THE LIBRARY, IN THE CENTRE OF THE SOUTH FRONT

Oak bookcases based on the Erechtheum; sun-bleached mahogany and rosewood "Regency" furniture

The rooms are all spacious, with sparing but scholarly detail, and filled with light from the large windows. They are almost entirely furnished with contemporary pieces, bought or made for the house, in that charming Late Regency and Early Victorian style that corresponds to Biedermeyer in this country, and is here seen against its appropriate, trimly classical background. The most photogenic room, and that used for general living purposes, is the large library in the centre of the south front (Fig. 7). The oak bookcases, judging from Sir Charles's notes and drawings, are based on measurements of the Erechtheum

on a reduced scale. Their general design is carried through the yellow scagliola and white marble chimneypiece (Fig. 8), which, however, seems never to have had its actual fireplace. The illustration also gives a good idea of the fine quality of such ornament as there is: the anthemion and key patterns in the frieze have a warm pink background. Full-size drawings survive for these as for all decorative details. The other rooms are similarly, treated, and have more of the sun-bleached mahogany furniture. In one hang numerous watercolours by the younger Varley, Lady Mary Monck (a Tankerville and the builder's second wife), who was a pupil of his, and Edward Swinburne of Capheaton, a neighbour and cousin of the poet. The bedrooms, large and airy, have in most cases

charming Morris wallpaper of c. 1880, or large flowered patterns that suit the chintzes on the pale mahogany four-posters and the views far and wide over the windy, big-farmed country.

Within and without, the house is a memorial of that intellectually and physically vigorous type of Late Georgian squires that seems to have flourished particularly in the bracing Northumbrian air: the Greys, the Trevellys, the Swinburnes, the Lambtons. The Middletons' library—spacious and hospitable, designed for long winter evenings when conversation ranged through as varied topics as the shelves hold well chosen books—preserves that stimulating atmosphere to this day. Sir Charles Monck died, aged eighty-eight, in 1867, and his grandson, who succeeded him, resumed the name of Middleton that, as we shall trace in subsequent articles, has been associated with Belsay for so long.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



9.—DETAIL OF BRASS GRILLE IN THE HALL

RECLAIMING THE LAND

VII.—A MARSHLAND TRIUMPH. BY S. L. BENSUSAN



FIFTY ACRES OF ESSEX MARSHLAND BROKEN UP ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE WAR
A general view of the barley

ONE evening, when war was very near, a farmer of the Essex marshlands was sitting in the living-room of his picturesque home, deep-tiled, afar, single-nooked, moated, one of the houses that are the pride of the country and seem in their repose to rebuke the haste and vulgarity of our modern day. He listened to the wireless; the Minister of Agriculture was appealing forcefully for more arable, and the farmer's thoughts turned to the land under the sea wall, the fields that had been won from the water a century or more earlier and had not felt the plough in the memory of his oldest workers, men who have seen their seventieth year. His answer to the call was not long delayed.

By ten o'clock of the following morning he was speaking on the 'phone to a firm of agricultural engineers. Yes, they could deliver the tractor he wanted in six hours: the price had just gone up! At four o'clock his new machine arrived, and some time was given to its tuning; at seven o'clock on the following morning the share was cutting the first furrow, and more than a man's lifetime of stored fertility was being prepared to serve the country's needs.

Mr. Newman of Hall Farm, Burnham-on-the-Crouch, the farmer referred to, is not only a very energetic man who has taken all agricultural practice to be his province, but he knows that the "plough and plant" method followed by too many of his fellow-workers

in this country is one to avoid. After breaking the land, which is a fine mixture of clay and loam, a little but not too much on the heavy side, he disk-harrowed first along the plough line and then crosswise. Then he ploughed again across the first lines and disked two or three times again. Then he put on an eight-horse roller, disked again, ploughed again, and harrowed repeatedly. A final roll and the land was ready for planting. It is worth remembering that this is stretch land, *i.e.*, it has a stretch or furrow left at every interval of seven feet six inches or thereabouts to carry off water. The tilth I saw on some of the land yet unsown is marvellously good, as indeed it should be, for the cost of preparing this marshland came out at £8 an acre and can hardly be recovered before the second or even third year.

To make matters more difficult the winter, as all will remember, was one of the worst that Essex has known for many years, and it proved impossible to plant wheat. Spring oats and barley were the crops ultimately chosen, and when I saw them at harvesting they were of the kind that farmers would be pleased even to dream about. Following the practice of his father and grandfather, Mr. Newman raises seed for a big firm of merchants, and certainly they too are in luck. The virgin crop of barley that I saw looked like yielding six quarters to the acre, though Mr. Newman doubts whether the over-all yield will be so high, and the white oats were a joy to the eye. German raiders had dropped 168 bombs, and one or two bombers as well, on the marshes near by, but beyond making unsightly craters and killing some horses and a few sheep, had shed their ugly burden in vain.

Now, if Mr. Newman's successful experiment meant nothing more than well earned profit to him, it would not have been worth mentioning; but what he has done to these rich pastures awaits and invites the doing to literally thousands of acres on the land side of the Blackwater, the Crouch and the Roach. In the old days towards the close of the Napoleonic era, when land was won from the tidal estuaries by enclosure, fantastically large crops were reaped. New sea wall enclosed the land, salt water was run off through sluice gates, and, when green growth spread, sheep were turned on, followed first by bullocks and then by the plough. Above five years were needed before the plough could work, and then the



MR. NEWMAN "AMONG THE BEARDED BARLEY"

farmer tasted prosperity. There is the story of one man in the Dengie Hundred who took twenty-four sacks of wheat to the acre and warned his workers that if they talked he would dismiss them. In those days the supply of skilled men exceeded the demand, and the price for an all-round farm-hand was about twopence an hour.

It is clear that the Essex marshlands can make a most important contribution to the country's larder, but at the same time we have to recognise the truth that many farmers who have the will and the skill cannot prepare the land as it must be prepared if the best results are to be obtained. As practical men see things

the question is one of expense. This marsh farm will now stand on its own feet, pay its own way, and even repay the initial outlays; other farms with rich, undisturbed grazing could provide equally heavy returns if they could be ploughed, harrowed, and rolled time and again to reduce the old grass to the proper fine condition and release the stored nitrogen. If the work can be done thoroughly the results are sure; if it should be half done the main crop will be disappointment.

Mr. Newman is happy in a large staff of able, experienced men and women; he has a well known dairy herd, and is an orchardist and a stock breeder. He has been able to

turn a hundred of his acres to splendid account, but looking over those marshlands you can see great stretches of equal land asking for like treatment!

I was particularly interested in Mr. Newman's experiment, for in the years when he was first learning to farm—he says he started before he was in his teens—I rented the shooting of this farm from the then tenant, and since I gave up the tenancy, forty years ago, had not seen the place again. It has not altered, save for the conversion from grass to arable, but then the marshland never does. Perhaps perennial youth is the secret of its perennial charm.

FARMING NOTES

GOOD PROGRESS—THRESHING CHARGES TOO HIGH—CORN IN RICK DESERVES PAY—SALE OF SEED CORN—
A TIP TO PIG BREEDERS—POTATO PRICES

CONDITIONS have been almost ideal for working the stubbles and preparing a seed-bed for autumn corn. I have never known the work go so easily. The ground has been rather hard, but nevertheless the tractors have not been held up, and a large acreage has been got ready for planting. We are about a month ahead of our work compared with last autumn. Even if it does rain steadily from the end of October onwards, which it did in some districts last year, the wheat acreage is bound to show a substantial increase. Meanwhile, threshing has been going on fast, and all over the country straw ricks are evidence of how much threshing has been done in the past month. Not only have farmers wanted to thresh early in order to get cash, but many of them have had seed wheat which they want to plant themselves or sell in a free market. I think, too, that the intervention of the war agricultural committees in planning the threshing in each district on a more rational basis has speeded things up. In normal times each threshing contractor has his own customers and their territories often overlap. Travelling the roads with steam tackle is a slow business and a great cause of wasted time. Now where the local organisation is thorough each contractor has his own territory and not nearly so much time should be wasted in travelling long distances.

Threshing charges, like everything else, have gone up. This year the charge seems to be £4 10s. a day with three men provided and the farmer finding coal and water. This is the charge ruling in my district, but it may not be general. Certainly this represents a pretty stiff increase over the rates charged a year ago. No doubt the threshing contractor has to pay his men more, but I am not sure that some of them are not trying to exploit the position. They know that farmers are getting a good price for their corn, and they argue: Why should we also not get all we can? There is probably some justification for an increase in threshing charges. It has not been a very profitable business in recent years. The main reason for this has probably been that with a smaller acreage of corn the machines were not employed for anything like a full season. The contractor had to spread his costs over a short period, and judging by the number of sets which went out of commission it was not very remunerative. Now there is enough work for all the threshing machines in the country. The contractors should have first chance of the business, and then the county war agricultural committees, who have some Government sets, can relieve the pressure of work where it gets beyond the established contractors. Quite a number of large farmers have their own threshing sets and they will do some work for their neighbours. In one way or another, all the threshing will get done in good time.

Corn growers are asking whether the Government intend to make some allowance for corn which is kept in rick until the

New Year. Presumably it is sound national policy to retain as a reserve at least part of the 1940 crop, so that whatever happens to the ports and the grain stores, supplies of wheat and other cereals will be available in the country at the end of the winter. So far the Government have fixed a flat price of 14s. 6d. per hundredweight for millable home-grown wheat, and there has been no mention of any higher price in the New Year. As there is always a certain amount of wastage in the rick and many farmers are running their business on a bank overdraft, the natural inclination is to thresh and market corn as early as possible in the season. No doubt the Government keep a check on the quantity of home-grown corn which is being marketed, and it will not be surprising if measures are taken to level out the marketing of home-grown grain.

Some farmers are using their own seed from crops which have done particularly well this year. It is a sound tradition that a change of wheat seed is necessary at least every two years. Seed wheat from the chalk uplands takes a new lease of life on the better ground below. So there is a limit to farmers using their own seed. In the eyes of the law, farm-to-farm sales of seed corn have been out of order. Nevertheless, a good deal of this private trading has been going on. Now that no deficiency payment is made under the Wheat Act, farmers resent having to sell only to approved buyers and incur the cost of unnecessary transport and commission. It is rather a farce if my neighbour wants to grow some wheat which has done well with me that the deal should have to be made through a merchant who expects half a crown a quarter at least for his part in the transaction. The advantage of dealing through a merchant is that he has the proper facilities for winnowing seed corn if that is necessary, and also for dressing seed corn. There is no doubt that the cost of dressing seed corn with one of the mercurial fungicides is well repaid in clean crops. This is perhaps particularly true of oats, which may be affected with leaf stripe, but dressing is a wise precaution also in dealing with seed wheat.

Although the price of fat pigs has been reduced from 21s. a score to 19s. 6d., and there has been a great outcry about this, the demand for well grown store pigs about twelve weeks old seems to be as buoyant as ever, at any rate in some districts. I spoke to one buyer who was paying 5s. for well grown pigs of this age, and he told me that they were going to an establishment which has secured a large supply of Army swill. He also told me that he is buying pigs for one of the London boroughs where they are feeding swill. They want well grown pigs which will take to this type of feeding straight away without a setback, and it seems a tip worth passing on that well grown pigs of twelve-fourteen weeks will probably fetch £1 a head more than eight weeks old pigs which may not be quite ready to go on to a swill diet. If a farmer can get swill at a reasonable price locally, 19s. 6d. a score should not be an unprofitable price for fat pigs, but if he is dependent entirely on barley meal and the other normal feeds, which have all gone up in price, the business of pig fattening can hardly be attractive. It seems to me that for more farmers who are concerned with pigs the best side of the business is breeding the store pigs which will be wanted for swill feeding in the town areas or close to the camps where waste food is plentiful.

Potato lifting has been going on apace, and yields generally seem to be well up to the average. A neighbour claims at least eight tons to the acre, which in our district is two tons over the normal. I have not yet met anyone who is quite clear about the Government's potato price policy, but we do know that the official prices rise by 15s. a ton this month. If everyone does not rush to sell early in the season there is a chance of getting a good return. But if there are many sellers and few buyers it will be hard, if not impossible, to maintain the official minimum price. I have heard of some deals being done below the Ministry of Food's minimum price because farmers preferred to take a low price for potatoes marketed straight out of the field rather than incur the expense of pitting them and the inevitable wastage in storing.

CINCINNATUS.



A WILDER CUTLIFT WITH INDEPENDENT FOUR-STROKE ENGINE

ECLIPSE OF THE INN SIGN?

HAD the expected Napoleonic invasion of 1803 ever seriously passed from the realm of imaginative speculation to that of large-scale manœuvre, would our ancestors, one wonders, have anticipated the *ruses* of these days by removing sign-posts, milestones and advertisements of place-names? Whether or not Buonaparte seriously entertained thoughts of Channel tunnels, of submarines, and of troop-carrying balloons, there can be no doubt, judging by the "design" for a French Occupation published in these pages some weeks ago, that some of his subjects did so. And if our defenders took their threats seriously—as we know they did to a large extent—what more natural than that they should have prepared to make direction-finding as difficult for the "balloonaics" as we now try to make it for the "parashots." In those days there were no railway-stations to bear the brunt of compulsory anonymity. There were, however, time-tables giving plans of the main roads with details of the posting stages and the names of the principal inns, posting-houses and hostleries *en route*; and presumably, instead of tearing down the railway companies' vast acreages of enamelled metal, our ancestors would have pulled up the sign-posts of our wayside inns and hidden them in the hayloft.

It is difficult, of course, to suppose that such obscurantism could have had very much military value, any more than some of its parallel manifestations nowadays. But as we are—in some counties at least—threatened to-day with exactly the same deprivation, let us hope that it will not be long before we have all our inn signs back again. For they are and have for many centuries provided an essential piece of romantic colour not only to the rural landscape but to our country towns and, until the final disappearance of the stage-coach, to the metropolis itself. It must be remembered, of course, that the mediæval signs were originally intended for generations that could not read; they must therefore be bold, simple and significant, and the con-

ventional birds and beasts of heraldry most easily filled the bill. Hence the vast numbers of White Harts and Horses, and Lions and Swans and Lambs and Dragons of all colours and variety which anciently covered the country. Among the simpler devices were the Star and the Chequers—a very interesting sign, for it is a survival of a custom which was once general in days when a painted chequer-board was the customary sign of the tavern. The Methuen Arms at Corsham in Wiltshire still maintains this custom, for on the stone posts of the public bar entrance there the old painted chequer design still persists. The use of the chequer is said to go back to Roman times, but its exact significance is obscure. The Methuen Arms itself, a most interesting medley of mediæval, Tudor and Georgian, was, in the seventeenth

and eighteenth centuries, known by the sign of the Red Lion, and only adopted its present sign when it was re-built in 1805. The many "Arms" scattered up and down the country date mostly from the eighteenth century or later. In earlier and simpler days strangers could scarcely be assumed familiar with the quarterings of the noble families of the neighbourhood.

In earlier days changes of sign were more frequent still, and there have been times when the removal or obscuring of signs would have been without much effect, for the very good reason that inns were much in the habit of taking new names of their own accord. When the estates of a staunch Royalist passed into the hands of a supporter of Cromwell, the local King's Head must have acquired a new



J. Dixon Scott

DICKENS' MAYPOLE—A CHARACTERISTIC (AND WELL KNOWN) OLD-FASHIONED INN

Copyright

But to say where it is would presumably defeat war-time precautions



THE MAN
LOADED WITH
MISCHIEF.

MOST FAMOUS
OF INN SIGNS.

(Left) The original sign by Hogarth formerly in Oxford St. (Right) The sign from Madingley Road, now in a museum in Cambridge





(Above) Two good modern signs and the "Trusty Servant" (old Winchester sign). (Below) Five modern signs and a heraldic one



and sinister significance, and probably transformed itself rapidly into a Golden Fleece or Boar's Head or something equally suggestive of industrial opulence and civic banquets. But in the vast number of cases the changes of name were purely arbitrary and had no particular political significance. All dwellers in country districts know how quickly a sign can acquire a bad name when a bad landlord has the house. In the old days there were, no doubt, many such cases, and incoming tenants could be relied upon to change the sign with the hope of getting rid of the reputation at the same time.

A good many structural as well as sentimental gaps would be made if all inn signs were to go. What a change for the worse would there be at Barkway if Fox no longer sped across the road with Hounds in full cry. What a disaster to the appearance of Crawley if the gallows signpost of its George, which Rowlandson showed stretching across the highway as long ago as 1789, were suddenly removed. And what would Salisbury do without its White Hart gazing across to the Plain for all the world as though it had leapt from the wooded Chace behind it, and alighted on its Ionic portico in mid-career? And what would be the Great White Horse at Ipswich without its "stone statue of some rampacious animal, distinctly resembling an insane cart horse which is elevated above the principal door"? To-day the rampacious animal still remains, and so (it is alleged) does the chamber, with its two four-poster beds, in which the blushing and horrified Mr. Pickwick was forced to observe the middle-aged lady brushing her back hair.

Pages could, of course, be written of the sentimental value of the names of inns. A long list of some of them will bring back to the rural-minded an infinite series of memories of happy days. What about the Pike and Eel, the Ferry Boat, the Lobster Pot, the Woodcock, the Barley Mow, the Farmer's Boy, and the Jolly Cricketers? Some signs, too, are definitely intended to be amusing. All Cambridge men know the Man Loaded with Mischief which stands by the Huntingdon Road on the way to Madingley, and most of them have been on pilgrimage to the Five Miles from Anywhere: No Hurry, which is (or used to be) at Upware. The totally unexpected is to be found in the Snowdrop Inn at Lewes, which, instead of taking its name from a modest little flower, is intended to remind posterity of a great snow-slide at the end of the eighteenth century which caused much destruction and death in the lower parts of the town. But the most whimsical of all the inn signs I have known was that of a house which, fifty years ago, stood back at the corner of a shady lane leading off Plumstead Common. As you turned the corner your eyes lit on the ingenuous question, "Who'd Ha' Thought It?" and the lane was known as "Who'd Ha' Thought It" Lane.

Of late years there has been a great and welcome revival of sign-painting. Many had disappeared as a result of the "tying" policy of large brewery concerns, which replaced the old sign with a dull advertisement of their beer.

Many breweries have lately seen the error of their ways and commissioned good artists to paint signs calculated to attract the passing traveller no less than the thirsty local. Messrs. Henty Constable of Chichester took a lead in this policy with their signs by Mr. Hugh Ellis. Messrs. Greene King, Whitbreads, and Watneys have been among those who have followed suit. Were the present eclipse of inn signs other than a temporary measure, it would involve a real and sad loss to country towns and villages.



OUR GREAT GRANDMOTHERS IN WAR-TIME

A REVIEW BY EDITH OLIVIER

THE WYNNE DIARIES, 1798-1820. Edited by Anne Fremantle. (Oxford University Press, 21s.)

It is a truism to remark that Jane Austen, writing throughout the Napoleonic Wars, doesn't seem aware (in the jargon of to-day) "that there's a war on." Life at Highbury, Netherfield, or Mansfield Park passed in an atmosphere of peace, only disturbed by the tea-cup storms raised by the love-affairs of the young ladies. Even those who most appreciate Jane Austen's powers of observation have sometimes wondered whether she was, after all, a little bit blind to what must really have been a chief concern in the minds of these placid country gentlefolk. The present volume of THE WYNNE DIARIES proves that our beloved Jane was right once more. Betsey Wynne was now Mrs. Fremantle, and her husband one of Nelson's leading captains, beside him in the line of battle at Trafalgar. The war was therefore a household matter, and the adventures of the Fleet were followed as closely as was possible in days when the news of the Battle of Trafalgar was nearly three weeks reaching England, and Captain Fremantle's letter about it arrived only on December 1st, though the battle was fought on October 21st.

To the Wynnes, therefore, their war mattered as much as ours does to us; and yet it occupies an infinitely smaller part of their daily thoughts. Life went on as usual, and was as occupying as ever. These Diaries are most stimulating reading for to-day. The situation was parallel with ours. One after another, the countries of Europe were being subjugated. England fought on alone. Invasion was hourly expected. Pitt, hailed as "the Saviour of Europe," died when Europe's star was at its lowest. Meanwhile, these Diaries were being written by members of a family who were well aware of the import of the events they saw around them. Yet they were quite unshaken.

"Enthusiasm" and "sensibility" were looked on as weaknesses in those days, and the reaction of well bred people to great happenings was matter-of-fact. A week after Trafalgar, Captain Wynne wrote to Betsey that "The loss of Nelson is a death blow to my future prospects here, he knew well how to appreciate Abilities and Zeal" and "if poor Nelson had not been among the slain, I should be most completely satisfied."

The Fremantles were a devoted couple, but Betsey's anxiety over her husband did not keep her from the magnificent parties at Stowe in August, in honour of the Prince of Wales; and at Christmas, for the French Royal Family. Society was as brilliant those months as at any time in the eighteenth century.

The Diaries are filled with truly Jane Austen drama. The love-affairs of Eugenia, Justina and Harriet did not run smoothly, but the torrents of emotion rise from the smallest of sources. Betsey's interests are largely concerned with the births of babies. She "lies in" a great deal herself, and makes very little fuss about it; but some of her friends have much to suffer. Poor Mrs. Manners' husband "hates children, and beats her for having some"; while Mrs. Biscoe, though she looked "assez interessants and pretty in her lying in costume," fainted away "at the end of our visit," when "the husband, like a proper Jerry Sneak, came in with a fan and some drops." Meantime the girls go to a ball "Where all the accoucheurs, doctors and apothecaries of London were dancing comme des désespérés."

Thus life went on in the Napoleonic Wars; and even "on the day of the Spring tides on which the French are expected to land," the party had "a pleasant sail" round Poole Harbour, and laughed very much when the Wimborne Volunteers arrived to defend Poole, with "their Captain Dr Pickford, a little fat man strutting up and down with fussy step and important mien, which spread terror

in the hearts of many of the inhabitants of Wimborne."

How like to-day! and how different! In THE WYNNE DIARIES the reader of the year 1940 will feel quite at home and will also feel soothed.

SAGA OF A GREAT NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER

People who saw "Simba" and the other famous films made by Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson will be ready to seize with eagerness on I MARRIED



"THE PRESENT QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND OSA (JOHNSON) PHOTOGRAPHED ON SAFARI AT THE EUASO NYIRO RIVER"

(From "I Married Adventure")

ADVENTURE (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) in order to learn how those marvels were achieved. It is probable that most of them will be amazed at the difficulties that were encountered and surmounted by the photographer and his wife, Osa Johnson, who has told the story of their strenuous years together in this volume. Like most people whose strong suit is action, Mrs. Johnson is not very much concerned in "putting over" the characters of the people whom she mentions, but her husband's emerges in the course of the story, and her own, all unwittingly, is very fully displayed. Their wooing, which was a singularly short time a-doing, was extraordinarily fortunate in its results; perhaps Martin Johnson's gift for knowing what he wanted extended even to the choice of a wife. Within a few months of their wedding this young girl, rather spoilt and narrow in her outlook, willingly agreed to part with her home, sell her wedding presents, and embark on the difficult business of making enough money appearing with her husband's first film to enable him to go back to the South Seas, to which she insisted on accompanying him. Facing cannibals, head-hunters, lions, rhinoceroses and buffaloes, enduring heat, cold, the attacks of insects, and the vicinity of snakes, roughing it in every conceivable and inconceivable fashion, driving cars and planes and becoming a first-rate shot, this small woman must have been the ideal help-mate of the enthusiastic artist whom she married and whose death dissolved a perfect partnership. Her book is excellent and most exciting reading; it is small wonder that it has been a best-seller in America. It should be one here, and none the less so that one of the pleasantest incidents in the book is that of the meeting the Johnsons with our own young King and Queen when they were Duke and Duchess of York on safari in Kenya.

FISHERMAN'S SHELTER

To the wail of sirens and the not too distant "crumph" of bombs and crack of A.A. fire, I have read BY MANY WATERS—A RECORD OF FISHING AND WALKING, by A. R. B. Haldane, Foreword by G. M. Trevelyan (Nelson, 10s. 6d.), and enjoyed

it. Strange to say, Mr. Haldane and I have visited the same waters, stayed in the same places, and fished and shot in the same country. Itchen at Winchester, Loch Etive, the Coln at Fairford, the Deveron near Mountblairy, the Mull of Kintyre, all have been our havens of joy, and so I have revelled with the author even if, on occasion, more at my memories than his writing; but his narrative must be effective to cause me to reflect with pleasure. I thank him, not only for this pleasant reflection, but for taking me in words to the places, where I have found sport, pleasure and peace. Others who read this book will not only feel that they have (even if they have not before) visited these many waters on foot, rod in hand, but will, as I have, find it a release from the troubles of to-day. At Melfort, where a little river flows into the sea loch, Mr. Haldane found a happy retreat. I too stayed there and fished the same river and caught sea trout in the sea. His description agreed with my mind picture—his sensations were the same, though I was less fortunate in the quest for grouse. A long climb to the hill brought us little recompense; he was more fortunate, but we both enjoyed the company of Campbell, the keeper, whose most usual exclamation in my time was "Och man! Get off the dog!" to a too eager shooter who approached the pointer. The proceeds of BY MANY WATERS go to the Red Cross, a most worthy cause. I thank Mr. Haldane, too, because the "All clear" alone brought me back to the realisation of the "bangs," the "pops" and the "wailings" that had been the noisy accompaniment to my reading.

ROY BEDDINGTON.

A CENTURY AGO

Events that helped to make English history in the middle of the nineteenth century are the background of Miss Dorothy Charques' fine novel, TIME'S HARVEST (Hamish Hamilton, 9s.). There was the coming of the railroads, the riots followed by the Reform Bill of 1832, high hopes built on it, slow disillusionments, and a few inches gained on the path of liberty and betterment. In the midst of our present troubles, it is well to be reminded of other generations and theirs; Miss Charques does it by means of a handful of very real people who live, struggle, quarrel, love through a period of social unrest and change when, as always, some were for authority and the past, others had a vision of expanding freedom and a passion for the future. So we follow the fortunes of Joseph Hill, warped and hardened by a loveless childhood, balanced between the good and the bad side of his nature, becoming a soldier, then a policeman, and realising finally that, for him, both had been wrong paths to take. A love story begun when he was a boy runs its gold thread of tenderness through the tale. Miss Charques has the feel of the life in her chosen period, and she has overcome an earlier tendency to excessive harshness and gloom in her plot. The book is a leisurely, ripe study of conditions and character a hundred years ago, an analysis of part of that heritage of ours which is and shall be for ever England. What was true then is true to-day and always, and here it is nobly said. "To refuse the truth when one saw it, that was bondage; to fail to do right as one saw right, that was defeat. To go on to the end, that was victory."

THE BRITISH SURVEY

One of the old complaints against us as a nation is that we are too insular and too content to be insular, in our outlook. If at the end of this present dispensation of blood and tears we are to help to build a saner, sounder and fairer world, it is essential that we should study and understand the points of view of other countries and the causes which decide them. The British Association for International Understanding (15, Buckingham Street, W.C.2) publishes every fortnight an issue of their *British Survey*, a short, straightforward study of one particular country or matter of international importance. Mr. Churchill has said of the *Survey*: "I consider the task on which it is engaged, namely of disseminating exact and unbiassed information about Foreign Countries, our Colonies, the Commonwealth and India, deserves the widest possible support." Single copies of the *Survey* cost by post fourpence, an annual subscription of six shillings and sixpence entitles the subscriber to twenty-six copies post free. Special terms will be quoted for schools or educational institutions or study within a unit of H.M. Forces. For the latter the Association is anxious to distribute

copies free on a wide scale, and appeals for the small sum of £3,000, which will make this possible.

GOOD SHORT STORIES

A really good collection of short stories by a single writer is a rarity. MASKS AND FACES, by Phyllis Bottome (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.), is certainly in this class. All the stories are interesting, all are unusual, and all have Miss Phyllis Bottome's individual touch of cynicism, which may be the reason for the title of the book. The fact beneath our poor human attempt to deceive is the face beneath the mask. For those who enjoy a peep below the surface,

the clever psychology of this book will be a delight. Perhaps the psychology of a bull in the exciting story called "Dark Blue," and the more simple problems of a dancing horse in "A Pair," may be regarded as shots in the dark, but even allowing for that, the whole book is vivid and dramatic, and the writing shows a skilled hand.

BOOKS EXPECTED

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are publishing shortly THE RAPE OF THE NETHERLANDS, by Dr. E. N. van Kleffens, the Netherlands Minister for Foreign Affairs.

An interesting and out-of-the-way book of memoirs

to come to us this autumn is THE SWISS AMAZON: REGULA ENGEL, from Messrs. Thornton Butterworth. Regula Engel was the wife of a soldier of fortune in the Napoleonic wars and fought beside him. If that were not enough for one woman she was also the mother of twenty-two children. The book appeared a century ago in Zurich, and an English edition seems slightly overdue.

From the Oxford University Press is coming a Life of DRUMMOND CHAPLIN, by Mr. B. K. Long. It gives an interesting picture of the Transvaal of his time, its politics and personalities.

Messrs. Gollancz, who always provide good entertainment in their detective stories, are giving us next week THE BISHOP'S CRIME, by Mr. H. C. Bailey, and SECRET VANGUARD, by Mr. Michael Innes.

CORRESPONDENCE



BRITISH OFFICERS PRISONERS OF WAR IN GERMANY

Many readers of *Country Life* may be glad to see this photograph which has reached us via Lisbon of officers at the Camp known as OFLAG IXA. Two officers have been identified so far, Lt. A. H. Bishop, R.A.O.C., bottom row, fourth from right, and Capt. P. Scott Martin, M.C., Royal West Kent Regt., top row, sixth from left, a member of the staff of *Country Life*. We shall be glad to hear of any further identifications

"A CURIOUS AXE"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The iron axe illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* of September 14th, page 242, is, I suggest, a butcher's axe for splitting the carcass of a pig. I think the notch in the blade is accidental. These "breaks" in the blade of the iron pig axes are common, but enquiries of a butcher should be made.—A. G. WADE, Major.

SIR,—Possibly the "curious axe" is a slater's "zax." The point at the handle is for piercing the nail-holes, the notch in the blade for levering off the edges in the manner that a glass-cutter levers off the cut edge of a sheet of glass.—E. C.

FLOUR AND VITAMINS

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have just read with very keen appreciation Lord Lymington's article in your issue of August 10th on "Soil and Survival." It is full of wisdom and insight. *A propos* of that, can you not start a campaign to kill, by ridicule or otherwise, this truly horrible project to "fortify" our already artificial flour with even more artificialities? Surely the most simple and efficacious way to put the goodness into our flour is not to take it out in the first instance. But I suppose that this remedy, like that given to Naaman, is too simple for scientists and bureaucrats. They have starved the people of the life-principle in the wheat and are now waking

up to the fact, but no chemicals will take the place of that life-principle which constitutes the real organic food that bread is intended to be. Why should not those wicked steel rollers be modified, anyhow, to let the germ get to us? I fear "vested interests" will continue to starve us. For my part, only stone-ground flour is allowed in my house, and the resultant bread is real food. If only our senators could learn wisdom!—JESSIE M. FRITH.

[While many will sympathise with our correspondent, wholemeal flour presents natural diffi-

culties for storage which it is as yet not possible to overcome in bulk. Hence the Ministry of Food's compromise by which flour is fortified with the essential vitamins of whole meal without the germ itself.—Ed.]

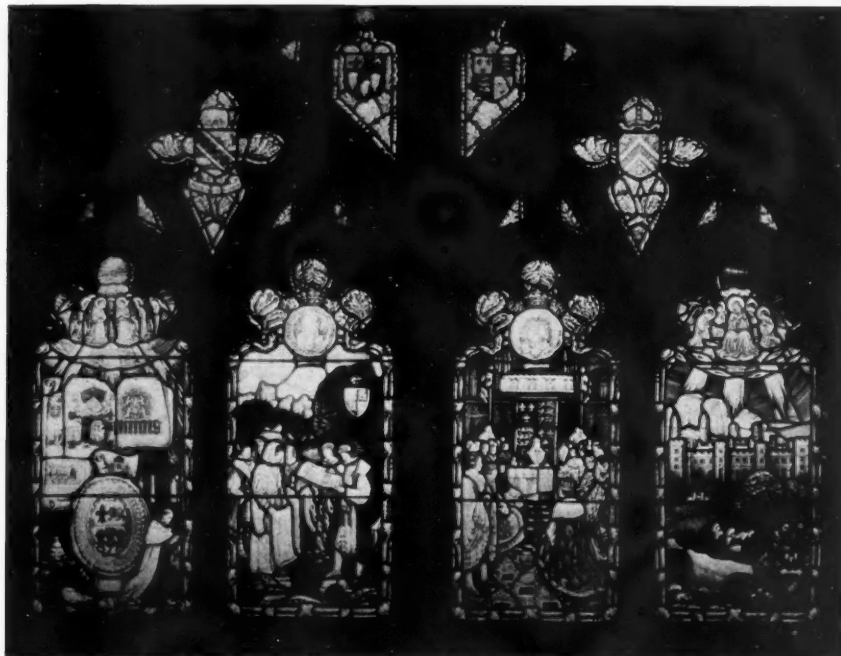
AN ETON MEMORIAL WINDOW

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—As Eton College was founded just 500 years ago (in 1440), I thought you might be interested in this photograph, which shows one of two windows, depicting part of Eton's story, at Hereford Cathedral. He

who suggested the founding of Eton to Henry VI was Dr. John Stanbury, who afterwards became Bishop of Hereford. These windows, executed by Mr. A. J. Davies of the Bromsgrove Guild in 1924, appear in the Stanbury Chapel. In the first light we see part of the original Charter granted by the King for the foundation; below, Stanbury as a Carmelite friar kneels in prayer. The second light shows Henry examining the College plans in Windsor Park, while in the third the King presents the Charter. Finally, we see Eton College completed. From the terrestrial sphere Our Lady—to whom the College is dedicated—looks down upon the beautiful building and its immediate surroundings.—G. B. WOOD.

[John Stanbury, who was confessor to Henry VI, was nominated first Provost of Eton, but never occupied the post, the first actual Provost being Henry Sever. He became Bishop of Bangor in 1448, was translated to Hereford in 1453, and died in 1474.—Ed.]



IN MEMORY OF DR. JOHN STANBURY, WHO SUGGESTED TO HENRY VI THE FOUNDATION OF ETON



SMALL PANES VERSUS PLATE GLASS THE VIRTUES OF SMALL PANES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—As you can see by the photograph, when a bomb fell near this row of early eighteenth-century houses the windows in the original frames were, in nearly every case, unbroken and the plate-glass ones smashed. This should be (if only from the economic point of view) a lesson for people replacing windows in the future.—JOAN RAYNER.

[While many freakish and sometimes almost inexplicable effects of blast are to be seen, it seems to be fairly well established that the smaller the panes of glass the greater their chance of surviving intact. Small leaded panes seem to suffer least damage (though the leadwork holding the diamonds may be bent or distorted); the eighteenth-century type of window with wood bars is less vulnerable, as this photograph shows, than a window in which plate glass has been substituted, so that to the æsthetic virtues of the Georgian window with its nicely proportioned panes have been added others not realised in peace-time. Old crown glass, however, frequently succumbs owing to its thinness, while the thickness of the window bars (which diminished as the eighteenth century drew to its close) is also a factor to be reckoned with.—ED.]

"RARE BUTTERBURS"

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Eric Hardy, writing in your issue of September 7th, draws attention to the butterbur *Petasites japonicus* growing in Cheshire. He continues: "The only other record of its growing wild seems to be in Wilson's 'Flora of Westmorland.'" It was named at Kew after discovery by Mr. W. Clitheroe, who pointed it out to me some time ago. Since reading your correspondent's letter I have taken two photographs of the station at Clappersgate, near Ambleside, which I send you to show how well established this rare plant has



PETASITES JAPONICUS GROWING WILD NEAR AMBLESIDE

become here. It has even penetrated under the wall in the background and made a further extension along the roadside bank. By now, as will be seen, the flower is over but the foliage is full-grown. I have not included the whole extent but about two-thirds only of the entire bed of the butterbur, excluding that beyond the wall.—C. M. CLARK.

"THINK WHAT A MAN SHOULD BE"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The imposing tribute to William III with the portrait of him which you reproduced last week concludes with the lines:

"He was: but words are wanting to say what.
Say all that's great and Good and He was that."

I remember when visiting the church at Castle Hedingham, Essex, to have noticed a tombstone close to the porch on which a rather different version of the same couplet was inscribed. I forget the name of the local worthy whose tombstone it was, but the lines ran:

"He was Words are wanting to say what.
Think what a man should be He was that."

So far as I remember, the stone was a late eighteenth century one. Evidently the couplet or variants of it formed part of the stock-in-trade of epitaph writers and eulogists, if that is the right word to describe composers of "characters."—CLIVE LAMBERT.

"SHUT THE GATE"

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Before the war, Exmoor farmers were having a lot of trouble, caused by their stock straying off the commons. The gates, on roads leading over the hills, were constantly left open by motorists, or lifted from their hinges and thrown down on the grass. Many were smashed by lorries, whose drivers would not take the trouble to open and shut a gate, but just drove into it. One of the very few pleasant things the war has brought is the return of the harness horse to the country roads. The photograph shows a pony pair being pulled up while the gate is closed behind a dog-cart. Dunkery



A PONY PAIR ON EXMOOR

Beacon can be seen in the right-hand corner of the picture.—MARY P. ETHERINGTON.

BUGLE FOR BELL

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The regulations about the ringing of bells have affected not only churches but most schools and colleges. At Cheltenham College the bell in the tower, rung for chapel and at the beginning



"BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW"

and end of school hours, has been silenced, and now the head-porter blows a bugle instead.—A. E. R.

A CURIOUS FIREPLACE CHAMBER

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—While visiting Wycollar, an unspoiled village in the Brontë country bordering Yorkshire and Lancashire, as romantic in appearance as it is picturesque in situation, I was puzzled as to the probable purpose of a tiny room on the right of a fireplace, the most interesting portion of the fragmentary long-ruined Hall, commonly believed to figure in "Jane Eyre." The compartment has neither door nor sign that it ever had one, access being obtained by a circular-headed aperture which narrows downwards to a width accommodational to one foot at a time.

Failing to discover mention in books of any similar chamber contiguous to a manor-house fireplace, I enquired from several friends, curators of museums. Mr. T. Sheppard of Hull remembers a precisely similar compartment at the side of the fireplace in the living-room of his parents' farm-house in which stood an iron vessel, usually described as a "copper," with, he thinks, a firegrate underneath. In this, light beer was made and run into stone jars or wooden kegs for the refreshment of the men in the fields. Can any reader of COUNTRY LIFE offer any other reason for the planning of this tiny room which, during most of the day and night, would be particularly warm? Round this fireplace in olden days the sons and daughters at Christmas-time "sat and cracked nuts and diverted themselves and in this manner got matching without going much from home."—HAROLD G. GRAINGER.

[Ovens in this position are very common in old cottages, but this recess, in the hall of a considerable house, is more likely to have been designed for dry storage in a warm place of such things as salt, tinder, or merely firewood.—ED.]



IN THE RUINED OLD HALL AT WYCOLLAR, LANCASHIRE

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

PROPAGANDA

FLATTER him about his shot," wrote Sir Walter Simpson, "point out that his next is as long, and, if he takes the bait, the third may be long too; but your experienced eye will detect that he has staggered and over-exerted himself to produce it." Is that the first mention of propaganda (the horrid word was not then used) in golfing literature? At any rate it is an early one, and its advice remains immorally excellent. The thing itself is of course as old as the game itself, and I have no doubt that some prehistoric golfer called loudly for his long spoon so that his opponent could hear him, while a sinister wink to his caddie indicated that it was the short spoon he wanted. Of this deception, though of an innocent kind, Mr. John Low gave a pleasant account in "Concerning Golf." Playing his second to the sixth hole at Woking, he took a wooden club and, with a spared shot, cut the ball on to the green, whereupon his adversary, seeing the great man take wood, thought he must do so too, and letting out manfully carried far over the green. I can now "reveal" that this adversary was the late Mr. Walter Carr, who will still be affectionately remembered, I hope, by those of an older generation. I always enjoy the account of him, "biting his nails and with an ugly face," saying "You deceived me!"

That, as I say, was propaganda of an entirely honourable kind, and, generally speaking, whether in golf or in other games, we have grown far more scrupulous than were our predecessors. The beloved W. G. was the last master of an art which is now decried and was no doubt much more common in his

youth. Here is an agreeable example from cricket of an earlier date, narrated in the late Mr. Arthur Duke Coleridge's "Eton in the 'Forties." The last Wykehamist batsman came in, tremulous, with thirty runs still wanted to win, whereupon the Eton slip, McNiven, known as Snivey, roared cheerfully: "Hullo, 'ere comes Jones Bateman to get thirty runs; I knows I shall catch him out, as 'ow his brother boards at Mrs. Ward's." The process of thought was peculiar, the logic by no means sound, but the prophecy was perfectly fulfilled, for the wretched batsman sent the ball straight to slip and all was over. It is—I almost said alas!—impossible to imagine such a scene on Agar's Plough to-day. We have all become far too respectable, all except the baseball players, who are still allowed to say what they please to the batter.

The last time that I recall being the victim of propaganda it was of a wholly friendly kind, partaking indeed of the nature of a local joke that was regularly played upon strangers. This was on the most engaging course at Moretonhampstead, where the player, without any suggestions from the enemy, is apt to find himself caught in the sinuous River Bovey. At the seventeenth hole there is, as I remember it, a natural acropolis of rock, and beyond it, the stranger is told, is the hole. Away soars the ball, perfectly hit, high over the rocks, giving the striker a delicious thrill. Then and only then is he told that between rocks and green is a little trifle of gorse which had unfortunately escaped the informant's memory. To-day, as I say, that is only a joke, but once upon a time, in the good old days of "Play or pay," I fancy it would have been considered

permissible strategy. I doubt if Squire Osbaldeston, "a noble fellow, always straight," would have hesitated at it. One of the simplest—nay, crudest—pieces of propaganda I ever heard of was told me the other day by that fine Scottish golfer, Mr. Alexander Stuart, who played with Mr. Horace Hutchinson for Oxford in the first University match. He was playing in the medal at St. Andrews and had safely passed the Station-master's Garden at the seventeenth hole, when to him appeared the younger brother of a highly distinguished golfer, who had already finished in a score likely to win. Both the golfer and his brother are now dead, or I would not repeat the story. The brother enquired Mr. Stuart's score, and found that if he finished without mistake he would probably tie. "Then," said he, just as Mr. Stuart was about to address himself to his second shot, "then I hope to goodness you top it," and topped the shot was accordingly. That, I fancy, must always have been an extreme case.

The subtlest kind of propaganda is no doubt that suggested by Sir Walter Simpson, flattery. A simulated interest in the way in which a man holds his putter, or the exact principle on which is founded his deadly holing out, is likely to make him miss anything in reason. It is even on record that Mr. John Ball once found himself seriously discomposed by a hero-worshipping enquiry about his grip, and ever afterwards replied to all questions that he had been "had that way before." Imagination boggles at what the modern disciples of Dr. Goebbels might accomplish, but there is one rule of golf that would stand in their way—that which penalises wrong information.

NEWCOMERS TO THE STUD

QUICK RAY AND LIGHTHOUSE II

AS the racing season, or what there has been of it, draws towards its conclusion, it is both interesting and instructive to run the rule over the leading horses who, at the end of it, will be leaving the training stables and the tracks to take up positions as propagators of their kind at one or other of the innumerable studs. Usually quite a number make the change; this year not so many will move over, and at the moment the most important additions to the list of stallions for the 1941 season that have been notified are Lord Astor's four year old Quick Ray and Lighthouse II, who was recently purchased by Mr. Martin Benson from Lord Derby to stand in place of Teddy's son, Chrysler II, at the Beech House Stud at Cheveley, which is so ably managed by Mr. C. Heckford. Both are first-class horses, whose racecourse merits have been more or less "black-out" by present conditions.

Quick Ray, on breeding, compares more than favourably with any other horse in the country, and so in the world. Glancing briefly at his blood lines, in the top or tail-male line of his pedigree he descends from the St. Leger winner, Newminster, and his St. Leger winning son, Lord Clifden, through Hampton and Bay Ronald to the St. Leger winner, Bayardo, who from a mating with the Oaks heroine, Rosedrop, begat Gainsborough, who won a triple crown during the last war and until the end of last season had sired the winners of 453 races including five classics, carrying £335,560 in stakes. This in itself is very excellent, but more is to come, as Gainsborough, who was Quick Ray's grandsire, was mated with Selene, a Chaucer mare who earned fifteen brackets, including one in the Park Hill Stakes, of £14,386 and like the St. Leger winner, Tranquil, came from Serenissima, a half-sister in turn to the Derby winner, Sansovino, and to the One Thousand Guineas heroine, Ferry. The result of this union was Quick Ray's sire, Hyperion, who from his first two crops of runners was responsible for the winners of twenty-nine and a half events carrying £46,909½ in stakes. In the lower half of Quick Ray's pedigree, in the

bottom, or tail-female line, his fourth ancestress was a mare called Conjure. Of not very aristocratic lineage save that she was by Juggler from the grandam of the Ascot Gold Cup winner, Santoi, Conjure won a couple of races on the flat and over obstacles, and was then bought for £100 by Lord Astor, then an undergraduate at Oxford, with the idea of breeding jumpers. With this end in view she was mated with premium sires, and on one occasion was actually exhibited as a hunter brood mare and awarded a "highly commended" card. Later she became the first matron at the now world-famous Cliveden Stud and bred, among others, Quick Ray's third dam, Winkipop, a William the Third mare who won ten races, including the One Thousand Guineas and the Coronation Stakes, and then, from a mating with Polymelus, a son of Cyllene from a half-sister to La Flèche and Memoir, became responsible for Quick Ray's grandam, Plymstock. This mare earned brackets in the Trial Stakes at Ascot, the Select Stakes at Newmarket, and one other event of lesser importance, and later, as the result of a union with the St. Leger winner, Hurry On, foaled Quick Ray's dam, Pennycome-quick, who was successful in three races, one of which was the Oaks. That in condensed form is the story of Quick Ray's ancestry. His career on the racecourse has, unfortunately, been abbreviated. As a two year old, he was late in coming to hand, with the result that his trainer, Joe Lawson, gave him but one race to open him out late in the autumn; last year he was still backward, but was there or thereabouts in all his races and won the St. George Stakes at Liverpool, while this season his win in the Chippenham Stakes at the Newmarket "Guineas" Meeting was so impressive that many good judges there and then affirmed him to be the best of his age in the country. There is just a chance that he may yet be able to confirm this before changing his quarters; anyhow, he is a grandly made and bred horse who is certain to be of benefit to the British thoroughbred.

It is time to turn now to Mr. Martin Benson's Lighthouse II, who is a year junior to Quick Ray. Foaled in France and bred by

Lord Derby, this good looking bay comes on his male side from that familiar top line which descends from Stockwell through Doncaster, the famous Bend Or, Bona Vista, Cyllene, Polymelus and Phalaris to the brothers Fairway and Pharos, the former of whom won the St. Leger and the latter has such as Cameronian, Nearco, Rhodes Scholar, Shining Tor, and now Lighthouse II to his credit as a sire. This line is a popular one with breeders, and its value in the case of Lighthouse II is markedly increased by the excellence of the female side of his pedigree in the bottom line, in which the name of Seclusion appears as his fifth dam. By the Derby winner, Hermit, and not to be confused with Hermit's dam who was of the same name, this Seclusion was mated with Janissary, the sire of the Derby winner, Jeddah, and in due course became responsible for Lock and Key. This mare, who was one of the two foals her dam had before being exported to Germany, won a few small events, and then, repatriated to the paddocks, was covered by the Derby winner, Persimmon, and foaled Keystone II, who in the ever-popular "black, white cap" of Lord Derby earned brackets in the Oaks, the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, and other races of £12,837. A good mare, and probably the best of her sire's get, Keystone II turned out a profitable matron, as from her came, among others, the St. Leger heroine, Keysoe, and Lighthouse II's grandam, Trestle, a Swynford mare who scored in the Northumberland Plate and later to the Derby winner, Papyrus, bred Lighthouse II's immediate dam, Pyramid, whose most important victory was in the Jockey Club Stakes.

As in the case of Quick Ray, this breeding story of Lighthouse II has necessarily had to be condensed. His racecourse career has not been quite so abbreviated. Running this season, he has won the Column Stakes and the Newmarket Stakes at Newmarket, and put up a meritorious performance when third to Pont l'Évêque and Turkhan in the Derby. Now a stable-companion of the more famous Nearco, he is a welcome addition to the list of stallions, and should prove a popular and successful sire.

ROYSTON.

A MODERN COUNTRY HOUSE

"DUFFRYN," NEAR LIPHOOK, HANTS: DESIGNED BY MESSRS. UNSWORTH, GOULDER AND BOSTOCK



THE SOUTH FRONT: GREYISH-BROWN BRICKWORK, DARK RED PANTILES



IN the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for November 11th a description was given of a modern country house near Petersfield designed by Messrs. Unsworth, Goulder and Bostock. The illustrations now presented show another new house by the same architects in the same part of Hampshire. It has been built for Mrs. Moore-Gwyn. In general form and in the lay-out of the plan, there is a fairly close resemblance between the two houses, though they present faces so radically different, one displaying its brickwork, while the other is cream plastered. But the underlying aim in each case has been to produce a house modern in character without being in any way freakish, a house commodious in accommodation, and equipped to meet present-day conditions. The architects have achieved their aim, the result being a house of satisfying design with rooms schemed to suit English home life.

It is situated in wooded surroundings in close proximity to the golf course at Liphook, and is approached by a drive from the west. The front entrance is on the north and leads through an entrance lobby to the hall, off which the main staircase is recessed. The staircase



Copyright

THE ENTRANCE FRONT AND FORECOURT

"Country Life"

is in oak with a solid plastered balustrading finished with a black marble capping.

The drawing-room and dining-room occupy the whole of the south front of the house and are arranged with a wide pair of dividing doors that slide out of sight behind bookcase fittings, enabling the two rooms to be thrown into one for the purpose of entertaining, and giving a total length of nearly fifty feet. At the west end of the drawing-room, glass doors open on to a semicircular loggia which commands fine views of the distant country. This loggia makes an attractive feature with its pillar supports and drum wall to the balcony above. At the opposite end of the house, and opening off the dining-room, is another loggia where meals can be served, this loggia being open to the south and enclosed on the east side with glazing.

In addition to the door from the hall, a service door is provided to the dining-room, and between the two doors is a recessed built-in sideboard. The service door communicates with the kitchen passage, which is shut off from the hall, and off which open large store cupboards, the pantry, butler's bedroom, kitchen, and servants' sitting-room. Beyond the working kitchen are the larder and back entrance, with boiler-house adjoining.

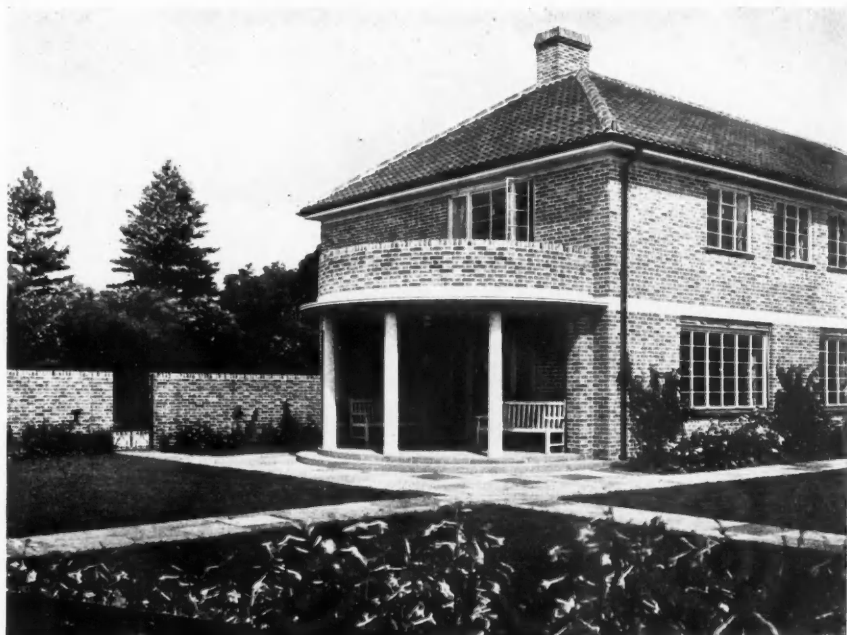
The garage and various outbuildings are connected to the house by a wall, thus forming an enclosed yard.

On the first floor are five principal bedrooms and three bathrooms, four of these bedrooms having a south aspect. On the north side are two servants' bedrooms with bathroom, shut off from the remainder of the floor and also reached by a secondary staircase from the kitchen passage.

The interior treatment is very pleasing and restful. The drawing-room has peach-coloured walls, an oak floor overspread by a large Oriental carpet, and a marble mantelpiece flanked by built-in china cupboards with glazed fronts. The dining-room that opens from it is in harmony, furnished with mahogany pieces.

Externally, the house is faced with greyish-brown bricks, and the roof is covered with dark red pantiles, the metal casements being painted cream.

Looking at a house of this kind, it is interesting to speculate on what is likely to be the development in years to come. My own view is that modernism will not go forward from strength to strength. Already it has suffered a check, and there are houses and rooms, regarded with elation a few years back as brilliant examples of functional design, which now look *démodé* and rather forlorn. They came into being as part of the cosmopolitan scheme of things, wherein was to be evolved a single style or manner of building for the whole world, to be as appropriate for modern needs in Japan as in Sweden, in Rome as in London. It is true that actually we have seen the erection of buildings in different countries, and separated by vast distances, yet bearing a general family likeness. But these have been only the expressions of a zealous coterie, and I believe there is no more likelihood of one world-style coming into being than there is of one world-language. In this country, at any rate, and certainly in respect of country houses meant to live in and not merely to look at, the future trend will be towards conservatism in design, a marrying of traditional character with fresh expression. This will be brought about not by graphic excursions on the drawing-board that tickle the designer's fancy, but by a sane study of the living requirements of everyday folk; by the vigorous suppression of architectural pose and pretensions; and by frank acknowledgment that the past has as much to offer as the future in terms of house-building. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



LOGGIA AT THE WEST END OF THE HOUSE



THE DRAWING-ROOM, LOOKING THROUGH INTO THE DINING-ROOM



Copyright

BEDROOM WITH CREAM WALLS AND LACQUER-RED CHINTZ

"Country Life."

THE ESTATE MARKET

WAR-TIME BARGAINS

ALONDON agent, the ramifications of whose business extend to every part of the British Isles, and whose firm has handled more real estate than any other in the last forty years, commenting on the suggestion that there may be opportunities for the discreet buyer of property in coastal areas, says: "Has anyone the pluck to purchase seaside premises and land at the present time?" He points out the very speculative elements that must be taken into account, and he says that "it is conceivable that, seeing how adversity common to all would be the compelling factor of acceptance of a sacrificial figure, a good many venturers in urban real estate would be loth to take advantage of the vendors' necessities." "For my part," he says, "it is a type of bargain-hunting that I should not be eager to assist. Of course, where property is for disposal on behalf of executors, and of such there is plenty in the market at the moment, a useful purpose is served by the realisation, and purchases are possible, both of urban and rural properties, on terms that we may hope and believe should show a profit whenever things again turn towards the normal, as they will."

In the meanwhile agents report that they have more work than they can effectively cope with in inspecting and reporting on the condition of premises and land which the authorities are taking over, and also in some areas in the estimation of structural or other damage by enemy action.

THE PROBLEM OF INSURANCE

ALTHOUGH, up to the moment of writing, air-raid damage has not been nearly so considerable as might have been thought, it is much greater

than it was when, a week or two ago, a hint was given of the introduction of a State scheme of insurance of real property. Nevertheless, so vast is the volume of property that would yield premiums in the event of a compulsory insurance scheme (and no compulsion would be needed to make owners insure) that the scheme may well be expected to prove completely self-sufficient. One potent argument in favour of the immediate introduction of an insurance scheme is that it would liberate for lending to the State a huge sum of money that is now retained by owners, especially of individual privately owned property, against the contingency of requiring capital for reinstatement and rebuilding.

The liberation of such funds alone would make a very considerable contribution to the country's finances, and this factor in itself provides an argument in favour of State insurance. No matter at what level the premium might be fixed, it would be an added burden at a time when the income from real estate of every type has fallen to a very low ebb, but the sense of security would be a very heartening factor, not only to individual owners but to the holders of hundreds of millions of pounds' worth of shares in building societies and insurance companies, and in particular to the harassed shareholders in property-owning companies. Any scheme would have to be retrospective, both as regards the risks and the payment of premiums, but it can be emphatically stated that that retrospective operation would be generally welcomed as being the only equitable basis of a State scheme. By the way, the assessment of compensation and

the work of restoration seem to guarantee full-time employment for years to come for estate agents and surveyors.

QUOTED PRICES OF PROPERTY

A FEW years ago one or two daring innovators began doing what was looked upon as almost unprofessional, namely, the publication, in their offers of property, of a stated price. The time-honoured practice had been to describe with more or less vagueness the nature of a property and its situation, and the would-be buyer or tenant had to approach the agents to find out anything more. Then—it is no secret—commenced a game of "pull devil, pull baker," too many of the old type of agents conceiving it to be their interest to quote exorbitant terms because of the certainty that would-be buyers would retaliate with a ridiculous offer. It was a slow business, and nobody knows how many transactions that might have been brought to a successful conclusion thereby ended in nothing.

Methods of business, however, in many other respects differed fundamentally from those prevailing to-day. Even the agents' announcements were hardly recognisable alongside those of the present time. The influence of *COUNTRY LIFE* in the improvement of the style and matter of agency announcements may be fairly claimed to have been far-reaching. Instead of compact masses of solid small type, in which the only thing to be emphasised seemed to be the name of the vendor's agent, came artistically arranged announcements, specifying the principal points of any property, and including a view of the house, often, indeed, two or three views of one property. Later, prices began to be specified,

fashioned gardens, and the estate of 1,276 acres enjoys a wide and beautiful view of the valley of the Dart, at Ashprington, near Totnes. At the moment of writing we have not heard how the property fared under the hammer of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Rendells. It was, failing an acceptable offer for the entirety, to be submitted in lots. The six farms of from 40 to 340 acres, the small holdings, and some thirty-five or forty cottages, make it an income-producing proposition, and the licensed premises, and nearly 80 acres of woodland, add to its value. In a normal period much of the land would have been eagerly snapped up as building sites.

Another important offer, the result of which will be stated in due course, was that of Lord Eldon's Longwood estate near Winchester, in which Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. Pink and Arnold are joint agents. This estate, being available as a whole, may escape the fate of an eventual break-up.

THE OLD HOUSE AT ASPLEY GUISE

DR. HERBERT FOWLER'S executors have requested Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Swaffield and Son to sell The Old House, and grounds of 3 acres, at Aspley Guise. This fine Bedfordshire residence, described and illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* (March 15th, 1913) under the heading "Lesser Country Houses of the Sixteenth Century," was built as a timber-framed house in 1575. During the reign of Henry VIII, an Aspley Guise man, Hardynge, acted as bailiff of the manor at a yearly salary of "Twentye Shelynge." It was Edmund Hardynge, John's great-grandson, who built The Old House some twenty years after Elizabeth had begun to reign. In 1657 the property passed to a lawyer named Cartwright, whose descendant by marriage, Richard How, was the first of a family that set to work to give something of a classic appearance to the old gabled and timber-framed house. The gables were hipped, the eaves hidden behind a parapet, and sash windows replaced with oaken mullions. Later still a stucco porch was added on the north side, and a room on the ground floor in the recessed centre of the south front. Thus it was found by the late Dr. Herbert Fowler, when he acquired it in 1906, and sought to give it back something of its old appearance, acting under the professional advice of Mr. Cowlishaw. The plaster was stripped off, and the oak framing filled in with ancient brick was revealed and put back in its original form. The exterior of the house became most picturesque, and its history can be read on its face. The interior of the house contains a wealth of old oak beams and panelling.

FARMS SELLING VERY READILY

CHAPPLECROFT FARM, 216 acres, with a quantity of woodland, at Axminster, has been sold by Messrs. Fox and Sons. They have also sold Yorkshire land, namely, Hall Farm, a dairy holding of 132 acres at Boroughbridge; and a Sussex freehold, with Messrs. Powell and Partner, Brambletye Farm, Forest Row, 144 acres, and house, buildings and cottages.

Cheshire sales by Messrs. Henry Manley and Son, Limited, include Rose Farm, Tattenhall, 36 acres, having a rental value of £117 a year, for £2,570.

Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock and Messrs. Luce and Silvers have sold by auction at Bromsgrove a Worcestershire holding of 151 acres in Hanbury and Feckingham for £3,350.

A successful auction was held at Salisbury by Messrs. Woolley and Wallis, when 76 acres of the Paccombe estate in Redlynch and Morgans Vale changed hands in lots for a total of £10,470.

Oxfordshire farms that have been dealt with under the hammer at Banbury include Blackingrove Farm, 80 acres, at Barford St. Michael, let at £102 a year, for £1,500; and Bellows Covert Farm, 60 acres, at Adderbury West, producing £80 a year, for £1,450. The auction was conducted by Midland Marts, Limited.

Whitton Grange Farm, a freehold of 174 acres at Westbury, realised £3,000, under the hammer of Messrs. Hall, Wateridge and Owen, at a Shrewsbury auction.

SALE OF A SCOTTISH ESTATE

DRIMSRYNIE, a mansion in the typical Scottish style, with 3,000 acres at the head of Loch Goil in Argyllshire, has been sold by Messrs. Walker, Fraser and Steele. There are grouse shooting and salmon and trout fishing on the estate, which embodies a useful mixture of hill grassland and arable and some woods.

Yorkshire offers, by the Leeds office of Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, include Heron Court, near Knaresborough, and Rockwood House, with approximately 30 acres, at Denby Dale, near Huddersfield. Heron Court may come under the hammer this month.

ARBITER.



THE OLD HOUSE, ASPLEY GUISE, BEDFORDSHIRE

and it is true of a great majority of agency announcements at the present time that a would-be buyer or tenant hardly needs anything more than the advertisements to enable him to form an accurate opinion of the suitability of a property for his requirements.

Naturally, for a reason well understood by agents, it is still the general rule in offers of property for disposal by private treaty to refrain from publishing the name of the house. For one thing, to give the name might result in the agent's failing to learn that he was "the effective cause of the introduction," and so losing the reward of his services. Another of the reasons why names are not invariably stated is that some owners are averse from proclaiming that they want to dispose of a property, and they prefer to wait and deal with those only who have enough practical interest in it to take them to the agent's office to get an order to view and the full formal particulars. From the first page of auction and other offers in *COUNTRY LIFE* to the last, prices are usually to be found quoted, and what a help it is, especially in these days of enforced economy, when it is an advantage at once to know an approximate price and to avoid waste of time and energy in inspecting the properties that are beyond one's means.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE DART

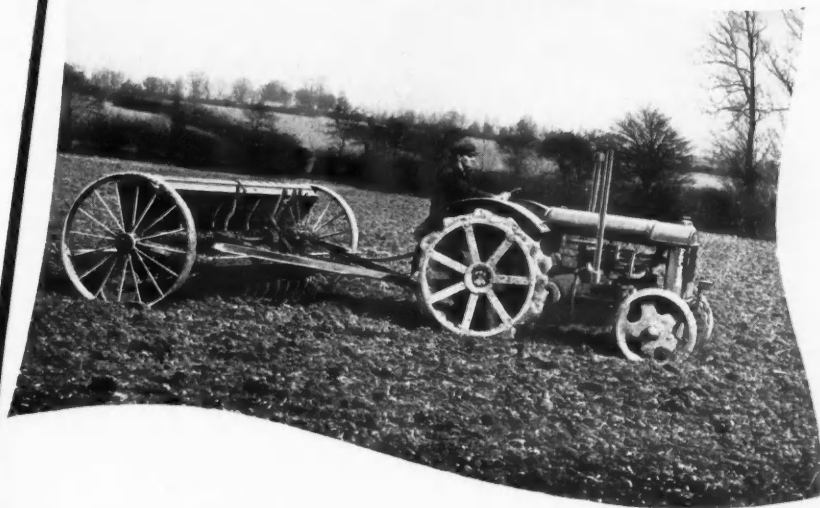
THE Georgian mansion of Sharpham displays a great deal of decorative work, and, to a certain extent, a ground-planning, eloquent of the architectural inspiration of the brothers Adam. The mansion is in the midst of delightful old-

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BULBS FOR POTS AND BOWLS

IN ordinary times gardeners have had an ample selection of bulbous plants at their disposal for growing in pots and bowls, but this year, with none of the usual French-grown Roman hyacinths and prepared hyacinths available and a considerable reduction in the supplies of large-flowered hyacinths and also of all tulips, gardeners must turn to the daffodil almost entirely for forcing and growing indoors in bowls. With the various kinds of narcissi, however, no one can go far wrong, because they are the most accommodating of bulbs, lending themselves readily to forcing, and if a little care is exercised in the choice of varieties, an attractive display can be had from Christmas until March. There is nothing difficult about growing bulbs, either in pots or bowls. The first essential to success lies in obtaining good, sound, healthy bulbs from a reliable source. For forcing purposes, large bulbs are to be preferred to the smaller sizes. Good fresh fibre is also necessary, and there is little risk of failure with any of the mixtures now offered by nurserymen and bulb dealers for the purpose. These specially prepared composts, consisting of shredded peat fibre, shell and charcoal, need nothing more than a thorough soaking with water before planting the bulbs. Where planting is being done in bowls without drainage, such a compost is preferable to soil, which, however, should be employed where the plants are being raised in ordinary pots. Experience shows that the best way to prepare the fibre before placing it in the bowls is to spread it out and add water, a little at a time, until the whole is thoroughly moistened, all surplus water being squeezed out before filling the bowls. The method of potting is simple. It is best to spread a layer of fibre, an inch or two deep, at the bottom of the bowl, placing the bulbs on the top of the fibre and then filling up with the compost to within an inch or so of the rim. Though it is desirable to see that the fibre is placed well around the bulbs, it should not be pressed down firmly, otherwise the roots do not work freely in the compost and the bulbs are apt to be forced upwards when root growth begins. After potting, the bowls or pots may be placed outdoors in a border, covering them over entirely with leaves, peat fibre or ashes, and allowed to remain in this position for at least eight to ten weeks, by which time the bulbs will have made good root and be showing stem growth. As an alternative to this method, which is the best to adopt where a large quantity of bulbs is being forced, the pots or bowls can be plunged in a cold frame or placed in a dark, airy room or cupboard. On no account should the bulbs be placed in a close atmosphere, and a moderately dark and airy room will be found ideal.

It is most important to allow plenty of time for the bulbs to develop their roots for successful forcing. If bulbs are potted this month they should not be brought from their plunge bed until late



TULIP PINK BEAUTY

An excellent variety for forcing in pots and bowls

November, or at least until such time as an inch or more of top growth is showing. The same instruction applies to bulbs grown in fibre. During their period in a dark cupboard they must have regular attention in the way of watering, but if the fibre is in proper condition at planting time they should not require further water for a week or ten days, after which a little water once a week will be necessary. Anything in the nature of a sodden condition of the fibre, however, should be avoided. It is not until the bulbs are in full leaf and coming into flower that they require copious supplies of water. The change from darkness to full light should be gradual, and it is a good plan to cover the bulbs with tissue paper until the young growth has become accustomed to the light. This obviates the tendency to dwarf flowering, which is due chiefly to premature removal from the dark and sudden exposure to full light. When growth is well advanced, an application of weak liquid manure will be found beneficial, stimulating growth and generally encouraging better-coloured

blooms. Among the varieties of daffodils suitable for forcing and growing in bowls, Golden Spur, King Alfred and Winter Gold are three excellent trumpets. The first can be forced quite early, but it is not a large-flowered variety, and for this reason many may prefer King Alfred. Victoria and Spring Glory are two useful varieties among the bicolor trumpets which can be recommended for an early display, while Dawson City is also a first-class yellow trumpet for bowl culture. Among the white trumpets, Mrs. E. H. Krelage, Eskimo and Beersheba are a good trio, while Mrs. E. C. Mudge and Weardale Perfection can be chosen as bicolor trumpets for late forcing. Of the incomparabilis kinds, Helios, with a fine broad yellow perianth surrounding an orange-flushed crown, is one of the very best. It is a considerable improvement on the old Sir Watkin, which, however, is a good forcer and should not be neglected. Cræsus is a trifle later in flowering than Helios and makes a good companion to it, while Bonaparte and Carlton are two others that can be selected if required.

Many of the Barrii varieties are excellent for forcing and of these Bath's Flame, Mrs. Barclay and Sunrise can be recommended. One or two of the white Leedsii section are worth having for their display in February, as they prefer to be grown cooler, and of these Lord Kitchener, Southern Gem and White Nile are as good as any. The polyanthus and poetaz varieties are specially suitable for forcing, and as the Paper White polyanthus narcissus is lacking this year, as it is annually imported from France, Grand Primo and Scilly White will be found good substitutes. Grand Soleil d'Or is another that should not be overlooked. Of the poetaz varieties, Glorious is perhaps the most desirable and should be chosen along with Laurens Koster and Medusa, as well as Elvira and its double variety Cheerfulness, which will all give a good account of themselves both in pots and in bowls. The poets narcissi do not lend themselves so well to forcing, but for a late display, Cassandra, Horace, and the old Ornatus maximus might be chosen.

Tulips for forcing may be more difficult to obtain this year than formerly, but where possible it is well worth while potting up a few for the sake of the attractive display they provide in late winter. Many of the early tulips lend themselves particularly well to forcing, and there is no need to pot them until next month, or even later, if they are to be grown in the cool. Many of the May-flowering varieties are also excellent for growing in pots, and one variety which can be particularly recommended for cold culture is Pink Beauty, which has the special virtue of long lasting qualities. In addition to tulips, Scilla campanulata should not be overlooked, and the same can be said of crocus, lily of the valley, and the Spanish and Dutch irises, all of which can be depended upon to do well under cool treatment. G. C. TAYLOR.



NARCISSUS HELIOS

A first-class Incomparabilis variety with butter-yellow flowers



LORD KITCHENER

A handsome Leedsii variety with pure white flowers



JOHN EVELYN

Another excellent Incomparabilis variety for forcing



CONTROL OF CIVIL BUILDING & CONSTRUCTIONAL OPERATIONS

From October 7th BUILDING WORK requires consent

By an Order which takes effect from October 7th, 1940, no work of building or civil engineering construction may be undertaken without consent from the appropriate authorities. The object of this Order is to conserve labour and materials urgently needed for the War Effort. This Order is subject to the following exceptions:—

1. Where the estimated cost does not exceed £500.
2. Where the work is being done on behalf of, or under contract with, a Government Department; or where a Government Department has agreed to pay all or part of the cost.
3. Where the work is being done by a local authority in discharge of its functions under the Civil Defence Acts, 1937 and 1939.
4. Where the work is in the nature of maintenance, running repairs or decoration.

HOW TO APPLY FOR CONSENT

An explanatory Memorandum has been prepared and has been circulated to local authorities, architects, builders, contractors, etc. A copy can be obtained from the Licensing Officer, H.M. Office of Works, Abell House, John Islip Street, London, S.W.1. The Memorandum explains how to apply for consent.

Consent will generally take the form of a licence issued by H.M. Office of Works. In the case of certain building or constructional operations carried out by local authorities, highway authorities, public utility companies, and of operations in connection with mining and quarrying, consent will take the form of an authorisation issued by the appropriate department.

IMPORTANCE OF EARLY APPLICATION

Anyone intending to undertake building or constructional operations for which consent is necessary under the Regulation, should apply at the earliest possible date. Failure to do this may involve wastage of time and labour, or postponement or alteration of plans.

WORK ALREADY IN PROGRESS

In the case of building or constructional operations already in progress on October 7th, 1940, and of which the estimated cost of completion exceeds £500, application for consent to continue must be made not later than October 21st, 1940. See Section 6 of the explanatory Memorandum.

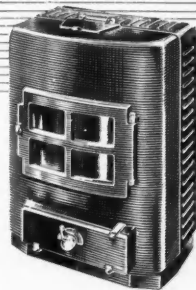
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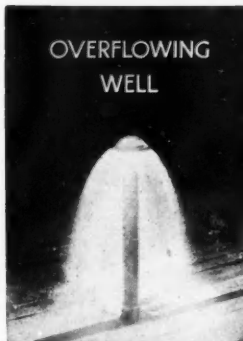
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MINISTRY  OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No 10

Turn on your wireless at
8.15 every morning to hear
useful hints and recipes

HERE is some advice from the Scientific Adviser to the Ministry of Food.

"Today we are all in the front line. Today we have all got to be fighting fit. Nothing helps more than the right food. The protective foods listed below will maintain our efficiency and keep us mentally alert. If we eat more of these foods our resistance to strain and fatigue will be stronger too."

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

Milk	Potatoes
Butter or	Green Vegetables
Margarine	(fresh or canned but not dried)
Cheese	Salads
Eggs	Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried)
Herrings (fresh, canned or salt)	Carrots
Salmon (fresh or canned)	Tomatoes
Liver	Wholemeal Bread

necessary. A little chopped parsley just before serving is a pleasant addition.

SCALLOPED POTATOES

Potatoes are very warming and invigorating. Serve them often, and for a change try using them this way. Scrub 2 lbs. potatoes and cut them into thick slices. Peel and slice $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. onions. Mix together 1 heaped tablespoonful flour, 1 teaspoonful salt and pepper to taste. Grease a pie-dish. Put in alternate layers of potatoes and onions, sprinkling each layer with the seasoned flour. The top layer should be of potatoes. Pour in 3 teacupfuls hot milk and bake for about 1 hour in a moderate oven. This makes enough for 4 or 5 people.

NATIONAL MILK SCHEME

Apply now to the Milk Officer at your local Food Office if you wish to take advantage over the next three months of the Government Cheap Milk Scheme for expectant and nursing mothers, and children under five.

SOUP FOR AIR-RAIDS

Try to make soup every day so that you always have some ready to heat up. A hot drink works wonders at a time of shock or strain. Nothing could be better than hot vegetable soup as this is nourishing as well as soothing. Prepare and cut up 2 or 3 carrots, 2 onions, $\frac{1}{2}$ small swede and if possible 2 or 3 sticks of celery. Make 1 oz. dripping very hot in your saucepan. Put in the vegetables and cook for a few minutes. Season with salt and pepper. Add 2 pints hot water and bring to the boil. Put in 2 ozs. rice or pearl barley, cover, and simmer for 2 hours. More water may be added if

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

THE IMPORTANCE OF HATS

IN how many families are there phrases or quotations peculiar to that family only, and each a sort of pass-word among its members and generally incomprehensible to outsiders? In my own, any reference to a hat is almost sure to bring from someone the murmur in richest stage Cockney: "A 'at, w'y a 'at's everyfink!" The phrase is a relic from a little play that did yeoman service entertaining hospitals in the last war, and it stuck in the family memory simply because it was so absolutely true. Even men have some grasp of the importance of a hat, and most women, when it comes to being dressed, not merely going bare-headed in country lanes, have not the slightest doubt that a hat is "everyfink." The three from Messrs. Liberty's

A CHARMING SMALL CAP FOR TOWN WEAR IN BROADTAIL WITH A VELVET BOW

A SMART BRETON SAILOR IN GREY FELT WITH A HAIR-BAND OF SMALL RED FELT FLOWERS. THIS IS A HAT FOR MANY OCCASIONS

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING CROWN WITH A CLEVER VELVETSWATHETIED ON THE HAIR AT THE BACK DISTINGUISHES THIS MODEL
(All three hats from Liberty's)

Dover Street Studios



(Regent Street) which are shown on this page certainly justify the phrase. For smartness or for charm and suitability to many occasions, or for dignity and real uncommonness, they would be difficult to improve upon, and with these three any woman might be well equipped to face the late autumn and winter. The hat department at Liberty's is a place in which anyone collecting a winter outfit in haste may be sure of finding a wide variety of styles and sizes, and in all a certain individuality which the woman who understands clothes knows how to value.

CONTROLLED GOODS

Until an early copy of the "Gazette" (Messrs. Goringe's, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1) reached me the other day, I had not at all realised that the Government Order with regard to controlled goods meant that details of them might not be included in catalogues, such as the "Gazette," though definite lists might be sent on request. Messrs. Goringe have already

two pamphlets, Nos. 1 and 1A, dealing with furs, knitted frocks, suits, jumpers and underwear, and will arrange to send later pamphlets dealing with other controlled goods as they appear. Their early autumn "Gazette" is very well worth seeing too; it shows, among other things, some very nice and cheap house-frocks and a quite enticing house-coat in embossed velvet which anyone might covet for winter evenings.

SHELTER WEAR

I made time this week to drop in at Bush House and see the Wool Secretariat's current exhibition, "Ourselves To-day." Nine London shops had sent their ideal shelter-wear, and most interesting—and practical—it was. It ranged from Harvey Nichols' lovely dusky blue siren suit in wool velours thick enough to defy all chills, to Muriel Bellamy's becoming scarlet wool house-coat which she suggests should be worn over night things, so that one can just tumble into bed at the "All clear." Among other things Elizabeth Arden showed a most handy gas-mask and make-up box. Harrods outfit included a dark sweater made happily "dressed for dinner" with a discreet sequin trimming; Jaeger showed lovely camel-hair things for both mother and child; Simpsons, a coat, skirt and trousers outfit with bag in which to carry the spare piece not in use; Gooch, a very pretty matching house-coat and pyjamas; Fortnum and Mason, a corded wool skirt that cannot be "sat out"; and Lillywhite, most practical slacks in jersey, and delightful navy shoes, fleece-lined, coming well up to the ankles, to wear under them. American fashions were illustrated by photographs which showed some of the new tight-fitting trousers tucking into socks. There were also some new stockings in the finest wool with an elastic top to come just under the knee, intended to be worn over silk stockings in bad weather.

ISABEL CRAMPTON

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

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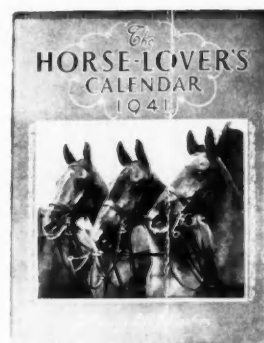
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Orders are now being taken for these calendars, as they usually go out of print very quickly, and this year a reprint cannot be considered. We hold a permit for despatching calendars abroad, and shall be pleased to send direct from this office on receipt of instructions.

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